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SOUVENIRS OF SAUNTERINGS.

POLITICAL HAIR.

THAT a man's politics could get into his hair, was an idea that never got through mine until in my wanderings I reached 'the Eternal City.'

As a matter of convenience, while travelling I had allowed Dame Nature to have her own way with my cheeks and chin, and she had thatched them most effectually against 'the biting of the bitter blast' with a covering, beneath which the lower half of my visage reposed in silent security. Occasionally, however, I had to call in the aid of the scissors to cut a hole for the point of my spoon, so that the fringe upon my upper lip might not interfere too seriously with my soup.

After having, with the kind aid of Dr. G —, procured rooms and board in the house of an Italian family, so as to become familiar with 'that soft bastard Latin,' as well as the antiquities of the Seven Hills, I sallied forth to find a barber who might redeem me from my barbarism, and make my chin 'new-reaped' *not* 'show like a stubble-field at harvest-home,' but tame its martial bristlings to smooth-visaged peace.

But alas! how true is the French proverb: 'L'Homme propose, DIEU dispose!' When I went back that afternoon, and expected to take my ease in my room, I was met by eyes wide open in wonder at my impudence, and a polite hesitation, which finally shaped itself into words, from my host and hostess, who, partly in French, partly in Italian, and partly in the universal language of signs and looks and shrugs, informed me that this room had already been engaged by a foreign gentleman, an American, and that I must have made some mistake.

Have you ever been in a situation that made you doubt your own identity? It is a curious feeling. I looked down at my legs. They seemed to me the same that I used to have. My vest, with what it covered, seemed to have preserved about the same proportions. There was no glass near in which I could see my face, so that I was compelled to look at theirs, and I suspect it must have been with a most

amusing expression of blank dismay. At last a light like sun-light broke over the countenance of my host, and, with a pleasant smile, he raised his hand to his chin. The same light broke at the same moment upon the hostess and myself, and with smiles and nods, mingled with broken French and Italian, we separated for the nonce.

Shortly after this little embarrassment, I met in the street my Italian friend, Dr. G —.

‘What *did* you cut off your beard for?’

‘So as to be more civilized.’

‘The best thing you can do is to let it grow again.’

‘Why so?’

‘All the Liberals wear beards, and all the smooth-faces are presumed to belong to the party of the priests.’

Here was a difficulty! Beards will not grow in a night like Jonah’s gourd, and I was thus forced, for a time at least, to bear about sad stubble on my chin, that my appearance might not belie my principles, for the liberal feeling was high in Rome, Pius Ninth having just granted a general amnesty, a state council, etc., etc., with the usual magnanimity of these kingly Jeremy Diddlers, who condescend occasionally to grant a portion of their ‘appropriations’ to their ‘beloved subjects,’ secure of reappropriating them when the stale farce is over.

There were, therefore, two parties in Rome, the party of progress, and the retrograde party; the party of the people, and the party of the priests; the bearded and the beardless, the shorn and the unshorn. While meditating on these things, I was quite surprised to find myself carried back to the days of infancy, and amid the striking antiquities of Rome was strikingly reminded of the antiquities of the nursery, for I found these time-honored verses ringing in my ears:

‘This is the priest all *shaven* and *shorn*,
That married the man all tattered and torn;’ etc.

To think that *the shaven and shorn*, over whose representation I had ‘crowed’ in the cradle, should at this late day rise up to ‘crow’ over me as a convert, and that I should, by the mere scraping of a razor in the hands of a Figaro, be transformed *presto, prestissimo* from a rooted radical into a panderer to priestcraft! This, it must be confessed, was rather startling, and I mused much thereon. With my musings came increased astonishment, but still relief; for, on reviewing history, I found that hair had been so often political that the wonder ought to have been that I should be at all surprised at it.

Our old friend Homer, for example, constantly calls the Greeks ‘long-haired’ (*kareekomantes*) to distinguish them from the Trojans, a distinction thus beautifully Byronized:

‘The god-like son of the Sea-Goddess,
The unshorn boy of PELEUS, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus, rolled o’er sands of gold,
Softened by intervening crystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vowed to SPERCHIUS as they were — behold them.’

The Abantes, whose origin is ‘lost in the night of antiquity,’ distin-

guished themselves from the surrounding nations by cutting their hair short in front and leaving it long behind.

The ancient Scythians made long hair the badge of a freeman, and closely cropped the polls of their poor slaves.

The Spartans, in later days, made the same distinction, and it must have been a curious sight at the battle of Thermopylæ, to see the closely-shorn Helot leading that blind Spartan with his long hair into the thickest of the fight.

The Romans evidently wore the hair and beard long in the days of the 'intonsus Camillus,' when Brennus, with his long-haired and long-mustachoeed but beardless Gauls, took Rome, invested the Capitol, and penetrated even to the Forum.

It was then, (that is, if we hold on to Livy's toga, and scorn the skirts of Niebuhr,) that Papirius, that 'irate ancient,' showed in what esteem he held his flowing beard, that had often, no doubt, in the senate-house wagged well for him in many a wordy war. Had it not been for that one impertinent Gaul, that gallows-bird that laid his rough although respectful hand upon the 'wintry weeds' of old Papirius's chin, all might have been well; but the same strong constitution that nourished such a beard, brought him that sound whack upon the sconce, so dearly paid for in the blood of eld; for the mustachoeed slew the bearded, until there was not left alive one silvered chin to wag defiance at them more.

A change, however, came upon the later Romans. They could no longer have been 'intonsi,' for when their conquering foot-steps had reached the northern verge of Etruria, they called the land beyond Gallia Comata, (long-haired Gaul,) which would have been no mark of distinction, had they also worn long hair themselves.

The Britons, who fought against the conquering dandy, Cæsar, had also long hair and long mustachoes. As Roman subjects, they followed Roman fashions, which shifted at the imperial will, until the last gleam of the last Roman's spear was glinted back upon the chalk cliffs of old Albion.

Then came the bearded Saxons, and they drove the beardless Britons at the sword's point up among the mountains of rough Wales, and out on the peninsula of Cornwall, and up among the Highlands of Scotland, where the wild Celt still grates his teeth, and growls his guttural curses on the lowland Sassenach.

During the hundred and fifty years that this was going on in England, the Franks, kindred of these same Saxons, carried the same fashions over the Gallic border, and 'Les Rois Chevelus' made kingly dignity to lie in lengthened locks. Scant hair met with scant courtesy. The people were in fact commanded by law to cut it off at the middle of the forehead, ('ad frontem mediam circumtonsos,' *Jus Capelletii*.*) How desperately political was this poll-thatch is shown by the well-known tale that when (533) Childebert of Paris and Clothaire of Soissons sent a pair of scissors and a dagger to Clothilde, the widow of their brother Clodomire, and the mother of three boys, whom these

* PLANCHÉ's 'British Costumes.'

greedy uncles wished to be quickly rid of, fire flashed from beneath the widow's veil, and she exclaimed: 'J'aime mieux les voir morts que tondus,' (I'd rather see them dead than shorn.) The bloody brethren took her at her word. Two were stabbed, and one was cropped and made a saint, sanctifying with his name the palace of St. Cloud, where another blood-stained villain now revels, unheeding the low moans and the fierce curses of his victims, though they freight every breeze that blows from hot Algiers or pestilent Cayenne.

The Danes are said to have delighted in long hair; and that it marked a freeman from a slave, is squinted at by the story of a young Danish warrior, who, when about to be beheaded, begged of his executioner 'that his hair might not be touched by a slave, or stained with his blood.'

When Rollo and his Normans first came up the Seine, they were no doubt as rough and hirsute as the bears they bothered on Norwegian hills, but they appear to have gone through somewhat the same mollifying process with Witikind the Waster, 'that grim convertite'; for when the 'Bold Bastard of Falaise' conquered Saxon England, he and his heroes bore unshadowed chins: and, as before, the bearded smote the beardless, so now on the same soil the beardless smote the bearded, and on the red field of Hastings many a bushy chin dinted the dust before the fell blows of these 'outremer' warriors, who are described as 'tout rez et tondus,' (all shaven and shorn.)

'The Normans not only shaved the face entirely, in contradistinction to the Anglo-Saxons, who left, at any rate, the upper lip unshorn, but before the time of the conquest had adopted the Aquitanian fashion of shaving the back of the head also, which occasioned the spies of Harold to report that they had seen no soldiers, but an army of priests. This anecdote has been quoted by all the historians as proving only the absence of beard and mustache amongst the Normans, as they say it was considered indecent in priests to wear them; but clerical personages are, notwithstanding, continually represented at this period with both, and the absence of them, therefore, would not have borne out the reports of the spies, but for the other singularity, which is distinctly represented in the Bayeux tapestry, and is one of the strongest proofs of its authenticity. William and his Normans are therein distinguished by the backs of their heads being closely shaven, so as really to give them a monkish appearance; while the Saxons are represented with hair as usually worn, and mustaches as described by William of Malmsbury, and a few with comely beards.'*

'That the nobles of Aquitaine had been distinguished by this extraordinary practice for many years previous to the conquest, we find from the following circumstance: Robert, King of France, who came to the throne in 997, married Constance, Princess of Poitou. Many of her relations and countrymen followed her to Paris; and Glaber Rodolphus describes them, at that time, as full of the most concealed levity; their manners and dress equally fantastic, their arms and trappings without taste; bare from the middle of their heads, their beards shaven like minstrels, etc., etc.'*

* PLANCHE'S 'British Costumes.'

No political signification appears to have attached to hair from this period in England, until the rise of the Puritans, whose closely-shorn capitals brought them the names of 'Round-heads' and 'Crop-eared Knaves'; the last of which may be quoted as an example of the '*lucus a non lucendo*' idea, for, instead of appearing cropped, their ears must have loomed luxuriantly from the sides of their unthatched sconces.

The short-haired Puritans, though so much ridiculed, proved more than a match for the long-haired Cavaliers, making wild work in their ranks at Marston Moor and Naseby, and soiling their scented love-locks with the sanguine tribute of their own well-fed veins. Cromwell, however, 'protected' the Puritans out of existence, and his death made room for love-locks to flourish once more, Puritanism taking flight to Plymouth Rock; and even now, one may occasionally see a boy from the interior districts of New-England with his hair cut in a way marvellously resembling the pictures of the Round-heads of a by-gone age.

In the sister kingdom (Cinderella ?) of Ireland, the ultra-Irish always have been, and are still somewhat distinguished from the English by the cut of their hair.

Here is an extract from an act passed in the reign of Henry VI., (1422, 1461 :)

'Wherefore it is ordained and agreed that no manner of man that will be taken for an Englishman shall have no beard above his mouth, that is to say, that he have no hairs upon his upper lip, so that the said lip be once, at least, shaven every fortnight, or of equal growth with the nether lip; and if any man be found amongst the English contrary hereunto, that then it shall be lawful to every man to take them and their goods as Irish enemies, and to ransom them as Irish enemies.'

An act of Edward IV. ordains that 'the Irishmen dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Wrial, and Kildare, shall go apparelled like Englishmen, and wear beards after the English manner, swear allegiance and take English surnames.'

'In the reign of Henry VIII. an act was passed ordaining 'that no person or persons, the King's subjects within this land, (Ireland,) being, or hereafter to be, from and after the first day of May, which shall be in the year of our Lord God 1539, shall be shorn or shaven above the ears, or use the wearing of haire upon their heads like unto long locks, called glibbes,* or have or use any haire growing on their upper lippes, called or named a crommeal.'

The poet Spenser is also very bitter against these glibbes in his pamphlet about Ireland; but alas! for poor human nature, those three thousand and twenty-eight acres of plundered Irish land which he received sadly mystified his mental vision, and made those whose paternal acres he so much enjoyed seem black as mid-night to his eyes. He says:

'They have another custom from the Scythians, that is, the wearing of mantles and long glibbs, which is a thick curled bush of hair hang-

* And also, if I mistake not, cuilleen.

ing down over their eyes and monstrously disguising them, which are both very bad and hurtful.'

And elsewhere :

'But for the Irish glibbs, they are as fit masks as a mantle is for a thief; for whensoever he hath run himself into that peril of law that he will not be known, he either cutteth off his glibb quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it so low down over his eyes that it is very hard to discern his thievish countenance.'

In the reign of James I., May 20, 1615, Lord Deputy Chichester instructed the Lord President and Council of Munster 'to expel and cut off all glibbes.'

'For some years this statute was rigorously enforced, but Charles I., in the tenth year of his reign, caused an act to be passed at Dublin repealing this and other statutes, and allowing the Irish to indulge in mustaches and glibbes as well as their national dress.'

The distinction between the cuilleen and the glibbes may have been that the former were ear-locks, and the latter a mass of hair covering the forehead. In fact I have a vague recollection of having heard some such explanation given of the cuilleen, and after reading and hearing about them often noticed precisely the same style of wearing the hair among some of the newly-arrived Irish on our wharves and in our streets; that is, cutting it very short behind and on the crown, but leaving long ear-locks, with sometimes a sort of curling fringe along the top of the forehead.

The Orangemen have for many years designated their opponents of the native Irish party from this time-honored custom, 'Croppies,' and one of their means of 'getting up a faction fight' was and is, to march in procession behind music playing 'Croppies, lie down,' 'The Battle of the Boyne,' and other such tunes, until the opposite party can endure it no longer. It is indeed but some three or four years since, that some Orangemen got up a procession here in New-York and played these very tunes along the streets, but happily without the result they wished for.

In the beginning of the French Revolution of 1789 the Republicans wore their hair short (*à la Titus*) to distinguish themselves from the court-party; and after the taking of the Bastille, some of them amused themselves by seizing in the streets those who wore the courtly queue, and with a block of wood and an axe going through all the ceremony of beheading, with the somewhat important difference of cutting off the queue in place of the head.

The German student-party, just after 1815, were marked by their long hair; and the liberals generally throughout Europe incline toward it at the present time. It must be loose, however, upon the shoulders, for when tied up so as to form a queue, it becomes the mark of ultra-conservatism, and its German name, *Der Zopf*, is emblematic of the most rigid and unbending adherence to all that is antiquated.

In Italy 'La Coda' has the same significance, and I Codini is the name applied to the enemies of progress. In Sicily, last July, (1855,) the Viceroy, Prince Castelfidardo made a furious onslaught upon beards, ordering every male inhabitant to shave.

The Court of St. Petersburg following out the policy of the 'Shipwright of Saardam' requires short hair, short whiskers and a smooth chin, *à la militaire*, but the old national party cling with stubborn tenacity to their beards. When drafted for the army they are shorn like sheep. It was stated in the newspapers that to make the recent war more popular with the peasants, a ukase was issued allowing recruits to retain their beards, but this must have been a newspaper *canard*.

Nor is political hair confined to the old world. Rosas, the bloody butcher of Buenos Ayres, would not allow the whiskers to run continuously under the chin, because they then made the letter U, the first letter in the name of 'the accursed Federalists, (los Malditos Unitarios.)

The different tribes of the red rovers of our forests were and are distinguished by their different ways of wearing the hair and dressing the gallant scalp-lock.

Catlin says: 'The fashion of long hair among the men prevails throughout all the western and north-western tribes, after passing the Sacs and Foxes, and the Pawnees of the Platte who, with two or three other tribes only, are in the habit of shaving nearly the whole head. . . . Most of them (of the Upsaroka or Crow tribe) were over six feet high, and very many of these have cultivated their natural hair to such an almost incredible length that it sweeps the ground as they walk, giving exceeding grace and beauty to their movements. The present chief of the Crows, who is called 'Long Hair,' and has received his name as well as his office (?) from the circumstance of having the longest hair of any man in the nation, I have not yet seen, but I hope I yet may ere I leave this part of the country. This extraordinary man is known to several gentlemen with whom I am acquainted, and particularly to Messrs. Sublette and Campbell, of whom I have before spoken, who told me they had lived in his hospitable lodge for months together, and assured me that they had measured his hair by correct means, and found it to be ten feet and seven inches in length, closely inspecting every part of it at the same time, and satisfying themselves that it was the natural growth.'

'On ordinary occasions it is wound with a broad leather strap, from his head to its extreme end, and then folded up into a budget or block of some ten or twelve inches in length, and of some pounds' weight; which, when he walks, is carried under his arm, or placed in his bosom, within the folds of his robe; but on any great parade or similar occasion, his pride is to unfold it, oil it with bear's grease and let it drag behind him, some three or four feet of it spread out upon the grass, and black and shining like a raven's wing.' Voila! Un Roi Chevelu de la Prairie!

I shall conclude by quoting a most recent and most curious development of political hair from '*The History of the Insurrection in China*,' by Messrs. Callery and Yvan, translated by J. Oxenford, and published by Harper & Brothers, (p. 61.)

'It is well known that the custom of shaving the head, so as to leave no hair except the long tail of the sinciput, is a Tartar fashion, im-

posed by the conquering on the conquered race. It was thus that the former marked their new subjects. Now the insurgents, to show that they had thrown off the foreign yoke, cut off the tail, allowed their hair to grow, and decided that all who joined the insurrectional movement should leave off the Chang and the Tartar tunic, and should wear the robe open in the front, that their ancestors had worn in the time of the Mings. The mere act of applying the scissors to the demolition of the ordinary fashion of wearing the hair, constitutes in China an act of high treason, which it requires no little courage to perform. Cutting off the tail is in fact throwing away the scabbard of the sword.

The New-York '*Tribune*' of July tenth, furnishes a sad pendant to this picture, and shows how one hundred and seven lives might have been saved if the captain of a Coolie vessel had paid a little more attention to the subject of political hair. Listen and learn :

'On March twenty-first, 1852, the 'Robert Bowne' left Amoy with four hundred and fifty Chinese for San-Francisco. These passengers becoming too filthy for the health and safety of themselves and the crew, the captain ordered their tails to be cut off, and their bodies to be washed in sea-water. On the thirtieth of March the loss of their pig-tails impelled the Chinese to murder the captain and six of the officers and crew. The vessel was taken into Formosa. One hundred of the Coolies, or more, were handed over to the Chinese government, and about forty committed suicide ; the rest died of starvation or by other means.'

So ends this rambling legend ; and now farewell to Whiskers, Hair, Mustache, and Beard. I have traced your political vagaries from 'tall Troy' to suffering Shanghai ; through the dead past and the quick present ; from the wild Upsaroka on the banks of the Yellow-Stone to the hitherto tame John Chinaman by the waters of the Yangtse-Kiang and the Hong-Ho, in 'the Celestial Empire,' 'the Central Flowery Kingdom.' How curious it is to reflect that not only the lives of individuals, but the destinies of mighty kingdoms and broad empires, should sometimes hang on hairs !

J. M. M.

M E M O R Y .

'T is sweet to remember, I would not forego
 The charm which the past o'er the present can throw ;
 For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
 In her web of illusion that shines to deceive ;
 We know not the future, the past we have felt ;
 Its cherished employments the bosom can melt ;
 Its raptures anew o'er pulses may roll,
 When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul !

L I N E S : ' D U M B . '

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

I.

Soul! soul! why art thou dumb?
 Voices within thee struggle to break forth.
 Wilt thou forever rest, while on thy frozen tongue
 Hosannas sleep, and songs that wait their birth?

II.

Must I forever stand so statue-like,
 With compressed lips and folded hands at rest;
 And eyes tear-heavy, searching through the dark,
 Searching till blinded, for an angel-guest?

III.

Speak, speak, my soul! cry out in all thy pain!
 Oh! let thy wail break through this prison gloom!
 And then, perchance, some angel-guest will come
 And raise thee, living, from the silent tomb:

IV.

And take from off thy lips this mystic seal,
 And grant thee power holy things to speak:
 Sweet words of comfort, giving blessed weal,
 And strength to cheer the fallen and the weak.

V.

And then, mayhap, those dear unspoken things,
 Words could not tell, with all their noble art,
 Would burst this tomb like angels on the wing,
 And fold around some tempted brother's heart;

VI.

And hover there on pinions pure and white,
 To shield him from all harm and earthly sin:
 To bide with him e'en to the gates of light,
 And walk beside him when he entered in.

VII.

O soul! why art thou dumb?
 Why stand so statue-like, with lips compressed?
 Is there no toil to lift the hands that fold
 So like to those upon a throbbless breast?

VIII.

Speak, speak, my soul! though sorrow's wail be heard:
 When fluttering thy faint utterance hath its birth:
 Hosannas sleep upon thy frozen tongue,
 And praise to HIM that ruleth heaven and earth.

T H O U G H T S A T S U N - S E T .

I.

THE sun sinks in the west,
Lulled by the music of the ocean-wave :
Which, like an echo from some distant cave,
Sings him to rest.

II.

Far on the trackless sea,
There gleams a long, broad line of golden light ;
Showing his path hath been with glory bright ;
His end, from shadows free.

III.

So men have lived and died :
Yet some have left upon the path of Time
A light which ne'er shall lose its glorious prime,
Which darkness cannot hide.

IV.

Though dead, their memories live
In hearts that know and love their noble worth :
Although no longer seen by us on earth,
Their thoughts a presence give.

V.

They are a constant guest :
The fireside group's attention to engage,
Beloved and welcomed by both youth and age,
Their lot indeed is blest.

VI.

He cannot be alone,
Who peoples with ideal forms the air,
And loves to think they live and still are here ;
Who makes their thoughts his own ;

VII.

Who feels each high desire,
Each noble impulse that their words express ;
Who all their truth and ardor would possess,
And to their deeds aspire.

VIII.

Thoughts on the wide world cast,
In thinking hearts a home have often made ;
From memory's flowery chaplet ne'er to fade,
Their bloom is never past.

IX.

Then let us ever strive
To grave our names on Time with Truth and Love,
That so, when God doth call us home above,
Our thoughts in hearts may live.

MAY.

Charleston, (S. C.)

Power of Argument on a Dutch Baker.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

MR. GAY sat down to the breakfast-table with Mrs. Gay as *vis à vis*.

'My dear,' said Mr. Gay, with a gentle smile, in a pleasant tone of voice, 'how long since you became a homœopathist?'

'My dear,' answered Mrs. Gay, with a duplicate smile, and an exquisite second-fiddle accompaniment of voice, 'I am not a ho-mœ-op-a-thist. What makes you ask such an odd question?'

'The appearance of those diminutive bread-pills on that plate,' and Mr. Gay indicated, with a severe wink, the plate he alluded to.

Mrs. Gay was an artless woman; that is to say, she had art enough, she only wanted a little less. 'I do not see them,' she replied, looking over the coffee-urn. Hereupon Mr. Gay triumphantly raised the plate containing half-a-dozen baker's rolls, exclaiming:

'Now, my dear, look sharp! They're very small, but you can see them if you will only try.'

'Oh! yes, dear. I see the rolls, but I thought you asked me to look at bread-pills.' Artless Mrs. Gay! I see the germs of any amount of 'spats' in this 'artlessness.'

'When flour is only eight dollars a barrel ——'

'Seven dollars and seventy-five cents, my dear,' interrupted Mrs. Gay.

'How do you make that out, my love?'

'Twenty-five cents for the empty barrel — if the head is whole!'

'Pon my honor, my dear, you are an ornament to your sex! Where did you learn such domestic economy? Here we've been married nearly a year, and I never suspected such a thing before.'

'Necessity, dear Bill, and the high price of Honiton lace and whale-bone, have taught me several severe lessons.'

'*Dear Bill!*' — if she had only made this last word in the plural number and not used a capital letter to commence it with, she would have hit it exactly.

'Well, to return to these rolls, you must tell the waiter, to tell the cook, to tell the baker's boy, to tell the baker, that unless he increases his rolls, we shall decrease our rôles as customers.'

'I am afraid that pretty speech would be lost on Mr. Stieffelblitz, but I will see that he is told to send larger loaves and rolls.' And thus the subject was dismissed for that day. The course of breakfasts, like true love, seldom rolls smooth, and it is not therefore astonishing that a few days afterward Mr. Gay, coming down to breakfast, again found small rolls on the table.

'More bread-pills, my dear! I thought old Snigglefitz ——'

'Stieffelblitz, my love,' interrupted Mrs. Gay, who knew 'Dutch' up to the handle.

'Old Stingyfits, then, intended to mend his ways, enlarge his rolls, re-construct his twists, and all that and so on.'

'Yes, my dear, I called in person at the baker's the other morning in the carriage, after attending Mary Teafite's wedding reception; had Mr. Stieffelblitz come out to the carriage, it was quite an undertaking for him, he weighs twice as much as you do ——'

'So he ought to, with flour at eight dollars, and he selling it at ——'

'— and when he came out I spoke to him in German ——'

'We gaits, my schoeny Dytycher!' interrupted Mr. Gay, quizzically.

'I spoke to him grammatically and correctly, my dear; and the good fat man was so delighted that he promised we should have no further cause for complaint, and until this morning, you must acknowledge there was an improvement in the size of the rolls.'

'Why, Kitty, my dear, you have energy — I like that! What a blessed man I am! every day I find out some new and adorable quality in you. As I used to say a year ago, when I was young, and wild, and dissipated — you are a brick! Pour me out another cup of coffee, 'swy glass lager!' and I'll give you a kiss before I go down-town. I'll call on Stealoffbits myself, it's on my way, and reason with him. Tell him the papers are beginning to grumble ——'

'You can't frighten him that way. He's used to it; it's a habit of the papers to have periodical spasms about small loaves; nothing ever comes of it. You say you are going to reason with him! Why, my dear, the few German words I spoke to him the other day were better reasons with him than all the logic you could find in Whately — that dry old book we used to study at school.'

'Excellent!' said Mr. Gay, 'I too, will go and talk German with him!'

'O Bill!' and here Kitty gave herself up to a long and hearty laugh. 'You an't in earnest?'

'I'm going to talk Dutch with this old Stiffasbricks, sure as you're born! I'm going to talk his rolls into twice, yes thrice their present size. You see if I won't!'

'How absurdly you talk, Bill! You don't know two dozen words of German. How can you expect to argue with that amount of capital, as father used to say?'

'It is n't the number of words you use in argument, but the powerful reasons that win the victory. That same Whately, that dry old book, would have taught you that. Now, I distinctly assert, that the power of argument I intend using with old Squizzlewig, will blow these rolls into rolls as are rolls — twice as large as they now.'

'I'll bet you!' said Kitty. Those were her very words. Remember, reader, that Mrs. Gay was only in her twentieth year, had no family; a very lively, jolly, good-natured husband; moreover, that this conversation was 'at home,' where young married people act and talk as they please! 'I'll bet you our trip to Saratoga you don't! And if you *do*, why we'll go and spend the summer with father, up in the country.'

'Done,' said Mr. Gay; 'I take that bet and book it. And now, I'm off for Sfizzlejig and large rolls, down-town, and business. But I think I told you I would give you something before I started.' And suiting his conduct to his speech, (new reading!) Mr. Gay, approaching Mrs.

Gay, bestowed a smack, sounding like the warning *crack* of the postilion's whip as he dashes into the busy streets of a bustling town.

'The idea of my arguing with a Dutchman!' thought Mr. Gay. 'Well, if that is n't excessively rich, I lose my guess, that's all. I might as well try to put up a rail-fence by argument as move that man by any reasoning I can make use of; but let's see, here we are. Nice clean little house; front-door open; glass-window in the wall at the side of the entry. Loaves and tallies in sight.

'Herrmann Stieffelblitz.

: BAKER.

'That's the sign. And there's the old Dutchman in person. How can he ever get out of that house through any common-sized door? He's a second-rate Daniel Lambert.' At this point of Mr. Gay's meditations, Herr Stieffelblitz's voice came rolling out of the window, deep, full, sonorous, clear; he was speaking to some one in the back part of the house. What a voice for a fish-woman! I think I hear him singing for her: 'Bass, O!' After this, Mr. Gay entered the baker's shop.

'Good morning, Mr. Stieffelblitz. You supply Mr. Gay's family in Dash street, with bread ——'

'Ah! yaw. S'bly Mis'r Kay mit brate.'

'The rolls are very small.'

'Och! nott so varree schmol: te vlour pin so varree 'igh!'

'Yes, but it's cheaper now, much cheaper; and I want you to make them larger. My wife — Mrs. Gay ——'

'Herr Gott, ter Missus Kay pin your wife? So! bote she is sehr schoën, varree fine letty. Ach Himmel, bote she spakes ter charman so goot!'

'We gait mine leeber!' spoke Mr. Gay at this juncture, ambitious of airing his Black-Dutch.

It would be an act of injustice to Mr. Stieffelblitz to say he laughed on hearing Mr. Gay, for that might imply only a movement in his face, whereas his great joy and delight extended down to his slippers and up to the crown of his head. He laughed all over, so heartily, so generously, that two little chimney-sweepers passing along the street — under charge of a decayed 'cullud gemman,' far gone in green spectacles and a long wand with a gold head, or at least a brass door-knob highly polished — also caught the laugh, and kept it up till out of sound, as well as sight.

'Good!' added Mr. Gay, 'and now that we are all Dutch together, I want to tell you somethings,' (the idiom was affecting him!) 'You make the rolls all so good, one size quite large! Kreutz donnerwetter! Then you put them in the oven, good! Aber Hair Yascos! the draft is so strong that a great deal of the flour in them flies up chimney, and when you take them out of the oven they are so small!' pointing to several very diminutive rolls lying on the counter.

Herr Stieffelblitz appeared in a dark-brown study; he carefully watched Mr. Gay's face: he could see no trace of any joking there, only a steady, satisfactory, trusting belief in the theory he advanced.

'Ter Herr Kay is rite; dere am too crate traft to dem chimmalees.'
 'Now listen, Hair Stieffelblitz. I want you have a fine sieve put up so that the flour won't go up chimney any more. I want you to have your rolls just twice as large as they are now, and if next July when you send in your bill, you really find you have not saved any thing by keeping the flour from being drawn up! why, add twenty-five per cent to the amount of my bill, and I will willingly pay it, rather than see you suffer unjustly, by having people suppose the flour did *not* go up chimney!'

The Herr (mann!) Stieffelblitz here saw the intense fun of the thing — at least a part of it; the rest he studied out in the course of a week, and an explosion of laughter followed, threatening all the panes of glass in the neighborhood. A week after this, in one of the morning papers, there was a shocking article on a slight earthquake, felt in a certain portion of the city. On tracing up this rumor it was found to have come from the neighbors of Mr. Stieffelblitz. For the especial benefit of gentlemen having accounts current with weather, shocks, and so on, we must correct this rumor. It was not an earthquake but a Dutchquake that took place. Herr Stieffelblitz, waking up at mid-night, a week after his interview with Mr. Gay, suddenly saw the full force of this gentleman's argument, and bursting into a roar of laughter, 'shook the adjacent earth with the intenseness of his mirth.'

In justice to some body, let us conclude by saying that the rolls were doubled in size after this talk, at least those that Mr. Gay received, and no additional twenty-five per cent was made in his July bill. Mrs. Gay lost her bet, and has had the greatest curiosity to this day to find out 'how Bill, who only knows two dozen words of German, could do so much with them!' Mr. Gay has repeatedly assured her that he found them 'amply sufficient,' assisted as they were by a POWERFUL ARGUMENT!

S O N N E T .

TO AN UNAPPRECIATED POET.

How like a vanquished game-cock's, noble bard!
 Thy sleepless eye, serenely stern and sad,
 Flashes beneath thy napless Shocking-Bad;
 Fortune's deserted babe, the Muses' ward,
 The single-shirted, and the evil-starred!
 Thy seedy garment buttoned to the chin,
 Thy redolence of genius and of gin,
 Thy haggard features, 'bearded like the pard,'
 All move my heart to deepest throes of grief;
 The callow fancies in thy brain that fledge
 Like hungry chickens chirp and ask relief:
 I see thee tottering on destruction's edge
 And I must speak, and must my speech be brief:
 Neglected brother! sign the Temperance Pledge.

B. B. F.

Washington, (D. C.)

S T A N Z A S : ' G O D B E L O W . '

IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM AND HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATHS.

I.

LEAD me in paths of love, let the soft rays
 Of heavenly gladness light my onward way,
 And may my heart be ever tuned to praise
 The mercy that has kept me day by day :
 Oh ! may I never swerve from THEE aside :
 Be THOU my constant and untiring guide.

II.

Lead me in paths of joy, so may the light
 Of inward happiness upon me shine ;
 That I may walk with THEE in garments white,
 Showing to all around that I am THINE :
 Oh ! let me follow where THY feet have trod,
 And draw me daily nearer THEE, my GOD.

III.

Lead me in paths of peace, my SAVIOUR GOD,
 Oh ! lead me home into THY perfect rest ;
 Though rugged be the steps that make the road,
 Still let my heart with calm delight be blest ;
 That so, with faith serene and undismayed,
 My soul may pass through sorrow's darkest shade.

IV.

Lead me in paths of truth : e'en here below,
 Grant THOU some knowledge of THY ways to me ;
 Though strange at times they *seem*, yet make me know
 That THOU art perfect truth ; ever in THEE
 Let all my trust be placed, that I may win
 The victory triumphant over Sin.

V.

Lead me in gentle paths safe to THY fold :
 Kind SHEPHERD, in THINE arms let me be borne ;
 Heal with THY love, whose strength may not be told,
 The wounds which Sin within my heart hath torn ;
 Increase in me THY spirit more and more,
 Until the warfare of this life be o'er.

VI.

Lead me to THEE, the Life, the Truth, the Way :
 Oh ! let the guerdon striven for be won ;
 Approaching nearer to the end each day,
 Soon shall the heavenly race be fully run ;
 Through THEE, O SAVIOUR ! be the victory given,
 In THEE, my happiness be found in Heaven.

MAY.

Charleston, (S. C.)

E L L A S - L A N D .

NUMBER ELEVEN.

POOR in manner was your father's part of the interview with Mr. Standish, and poor in spirit. Loving and open-hearted as he would choose to be in all things concerning Ella, the avenues to his better nature were closed at the approach of this new experience, as are shut doors and windows at the approach of a storm. Nor was it altogether a fearful or unhappy approach; he was not displeased to hear its sounds upon the roof, to see it patter upon the windows. But the memory of it is not sweetened by a single consciousness of acting well. A farther postponement of the rehearsal, however, would be the beginning of a reserve more, far more, irksome than the acknowledgment of one's faults.

I think my last account of Mr. Standish left him stiffly and uneasily seated upon a sofa, while, with equal uneasiness and stiffness, I was reading Friend Rachel's letter. The next thing was to lead the conversation upon a variety of indifferent topics, but none in which Ella was even remotely involved. Your father ungracefully avoided expressing any interest to hear of his daughter. For any thing said or hinted by him, he might have been childless and solitary as a blasted tree. Mr. Standish's replies to all these topics were brief and almost impatient. At length I touched upon the incidents of his journey, which he appeared to think were a shade nearer to being relevant.

'This being your first trip to the West,' I inquired, 'you probably took a peep at Niagara?'

'A very hurried one,' was the reply.

'Perhaps,' said I, 'you intend returning to it. One does not fairly experience its best effects at a glance.'

'Never!' said Mr. Standish. 'I never will again go near it. I was eager to see it. My ears were intent to catch the first sound of its eternal unrest. But it is only another form of drama, in which the forces of Nature represent a troubled and unhappy existence. One sees enough of that sort of thing.'

'Here,' said I to myself, 'is a young fellow, trying to hang a moral to Niagara Falls. It would be comparatively a sublime adventure to tie a tin-can to a dog's tail, or a string of fire-crackers to a donkey's ears.' I sat perfectly silent to know what he would say next.

'One sometimes feels the flow of a great tide, which might be deep and tranquil, and bear safely on its bosom all the freightage of life. Presently its channel becomes rough and uncertain; the stream plunges and breaks upon hidden rocks: it falls into an abyss.'

'I wonder,' thought I to myself, 'whether he has it written out. Here I have blundered upon the very topic which he means to manœuvre upon till he comes to the point, as it were his parade-ground. Very well. He has gone over the falls. He will now seek to land himself.

But no; I will jump aboard and scull him down the stream. I said:

'That mode of getting down is certainly very prompt, but soon over with. It enables the stream to 'define its position.' The water of Niagara is the water of Lake Ontario, and is covered with the tracks of travel and commerce.'

'I am told,' said Mr. Standish, 'that the occupations of life are mostly afloat upon a smooth upper surface, stagnated from more lively currents, bordered with wrecks, *debris*, and scum.'

'There are to be sure,' I replied, 'turbid and unhealthy appearances on the upper borders of the lake, but as you approach its broad bosom, and especially toward its outlet in the St. Lawrence, it is pure and beautiful.'

'The St. Lawrence,' said Mr. Standish, 'is a free and spreading current, flowing among green islands, leaping among rocks, gradually becoming broader and broader, till it reaches the perfect freedom of the ocean; but until it reaches the ocean, its shores are obdurate, and its bed uneasy.'

'Now,' thought I, 'his stream has run out. He cannot very well get back over the rapids. I will fix on a moral that shall fasten him as tight as the canal-locks, and send him floating outward.'

'Herein,' I said, 'I think I see your meaning. Vivacious youth; tranquil middle-life; lively and green old age; sublime eternity: all the stages of life guided by a superintending Providence, flowing with religious strength and fidelity toward rest and peace.'

'Perhaps so,' Mr. Standish replied. 'At least it might be something of the kind: a noble spirit flowing powerfully on; broken, dashed, engulfed, enshlimed, muddled; stagnated and called beautiful, perhaps useful; then starting again down its descent, with a tranquil flow, between verdant shores, but rock-bound, internally perturbed, and at last mingled with the old brine, drifting sea-weeds and refuse of all the centuries. Such a fate, the highest courage, the most undaunted will, the noblest soul, combat in vain. The fiercest agony of conflict produces only roar and spray. The rainbow, if the sun shines above, is for spectators only. The troubled stream of a dark fate hurries on. I have dreamed of Niagara, I have thought that strife were noble, that I would combat fate; but one glance at that roaring chasm, and its fearful pools, wearied me for life. I would prefer a quiet retreat, tranquil scenes, and repose. The little brook, winding through meadows, laving the roots of cowslips, finding its way noiseless to the end, is far more pleasing than that wintry roar of torment.'

'Presto!' thought I. 'Here he is again, at the head of navigation: back at a jump, over rapids, and morals, and the old Harry knows what: clear back to the very point. He is a fellow that permits himself to sculled down stream but does not stay. He talks like a Sophomore; like a Virginian; like a book! The object of all this was plain enough, and I knew very well, that as a gentleman, I ought to have aided him to approach the subject of his errand. But I felt a perverse pleasure in leading off the conversation into channels remote from his

purpose. Those legends of the bottomless pit, which represent Satan as turning his victims on a spit, or holding them in torment on the fork of his tail, appear no longer incredible. I had Mr. Standish, as it were, in my power. I turned first one side to the fire, and then the other. I roasted and tormented him. Perhaps no man ever performed a meaner thing than I did, in affecting to put a business construction upon his professed love of retirement and quiet.

‘In that event,’ said I, ‘the business of teaching would probably be congenial and pleasant. The West offers to teachers a most inviting field.’

‘Excuse me,’ replied Standish, with impatience only partially suppressed. ‘My occupation is chosen; but if it were not, teaching is one of the last things I would do for bread. It is essentially an inferior calling. It is almost a mechanical process. The mind obtains knowledge of the branches taught, and the modes of explanation; then day after day, and year after year, rehearses the same formula. It is like travelling round and round at the end of a sweep.’

‘In some branches, however, it seems to me,’ said I, ‘the mental process is exceedingly interesting. The deaf and dumb, the blind, the idiotic, require instruction, and afford opportunities of investigation in the most primitive and elementary rudiments, so to speak, of mind. What can be more interesting or instructive than to watch the dawning upon a human mind of the idea of a SUPREME BEING? The gardener who watches the germination of his seeds sees DEITY as plainly as the astronomer who traces the journey of the stars. They travel in opposite directions around the circle of truth, but their paths coincide: they both become simple-hearted as children, humble, devout.’

‘It is all very well for the unfortunates themselves,’ said Mr. Standish, ‘but it seems to me like throwing away good minds to improve those which never can be good. The sound mind loses much to help the diseased one a little. It may be an interesting sight to behold the dawning of an idea of the SUPREME BEING on such a mind; but to the mind itself, the dawning of the idea of the letter A is just as portentous: the notion of a comma to such a mind, appears to produce as much joy as the notion of DEITY. The gardener and astronomer both seek the possible, the true, and they find it. But in the case supposed is an attempt against God and nature to convert a burdock into a marigold, or to transform an *ignis fatuus* into a planet.’

Here the conversation, or rather debate, for it assumed something of that character, came to a halt. I waited for him, and he waited for me. After an embarrassing pause, he inquired if Rachel had written me the object of his journey?

‘She wrote me,’ said I, ‘that you have thought of seeking a home in the West, and a field for the practice of your profession.’

Another pause ensued, and increased embarrassment of manner.

‘Is that the only object she explained to you?’

It was my turn to be perplexed. I said it was not the only object she mentioned. Another pause ensued. Mr. Standish rose, made a few steps toward the door, paused, and said:

'I perceive that the only subject I wish to speak about is not an agreeable one to you. In that fact I find my answer. I came to bring an offering, poor enough in itself, but which implies all that one can value, of hope, or pride, or sensibility. A kind word from you would have established every thing that is uncertain in my character or my aims. It would have almost humbled me with an immeasurable gratitude. The word is not spoken. I see only indifference and pride. I did not think I could bear it, but I find there is another pride as obdurate as your own.'

With this language he bowed himself out. Was there ever worse taste than that? In his manner the expression of defiance was perceptible; but he obviously struggled with a sense of discomfiture and wounded pride. Through his suffering gleamed a stern and fierce resolution to suppress it. I relented so much as to follow him down the gravel walk, and overtake him at the gate. My design was to reopen the subject, deal kindly and frankly with him, and restore, as far as possible, his wounded self-respect. But when I reached him, I was conscious that I assumed a manner somewhat cold and magisterial.

'Perhaps I owe you an apology, Mr. Standish,' said I, 'for avoiding the subject you came to talk about; but I confess it seemed to me premature and out of place. Ella is young and at school. You are not yet established in your profession. This fancy may and probably will pass away. Such an arrangement as you seek would be an encumbrance to both of you. I do not know what she herself would say to it, but I know that at her age she cannot choose intelligently. She has seen little of the world, and her taste is immature. Let us be friends, Mr. Standish, but let us drop this subject. Some years hence, if you both live, will be early enough to renew it. She will then be more likely to have her views formed. In the end, Mr. Standish, Ella will decide all such questions for herself.'

'May I infer from this,' inquired Mr. Standish, 'that you do not forbid me to hope for success; that your objections to me personally are not insuperable?'

'How could I have personal objections to you? My dear Sir, I do not know you. I doubt if you know yourself. It is very kind of you to think so highly of us, and to offer to stake your happiness on that opinion. I hope you will continue to think of us as friends. I shall tell Ella all you have said, all that has taken place, and I shall tell her that it is a vagary not to be seriously thought of. But I hope, Mr. Standish, you may be successful in your profession. I shall always be glad to hear of your good fortune.'

'If I do struggle and do succeed, may I then come back and renew this topic?'

'That must be as the future shall determine. You are at perfect liberty. I am at perfect liberty. Ella is at perfect liberty. There let the subject drop.'

'But I am not at liberty,' said Standish. 'I am nearly disgusted with life and tired of it. This one object alone seems to me worth living for. If I work it will be for this. If I hope it will be for this. Please tell Ella this also. She is free, perfectly free. If I live, and

if I succeed, so that I can come back with health and triumph, she will hear from me. But if I meet with discouragements, and things look gloomy, she will hear of me no more. If I achieve victory, I will ask her to share it. If I fail, I will die and make no sign.'

'And I will also tell her,' said I, 'that you are just as liable as other folks to change your mind.'

Upon this we parted. I do not well perceive how an interview on such a subject could have been more stiffly and preposterously conducted, or how it could end with less satisfaction to either party. He would either talk in monosyllables, or make speeches and arguments. The more I thought of it, the more I was dissatisfied. Toward evening I called at his hotel, and took him riding about the city; and finally took him again to Ellas-land. Meanwhile, Elwood Nathans, Emily, Father Green, and Mr. Heminway the elder, the Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., and Antinous Weaver, were informally invited to a sociable cup of tea.

Mr. Antinous Weaver is a person whom you do not know. He has come among us since you left. I shall have occasion to mention him more than once. You will perceive that this company must have been selected under a malign influence; it was incongruous in itself, and as badly as possible adapted to confer pleasure on Mr. Standish.

None of them knew the object of Mr. Standish's visit, unless it were Father Green and Emily. After receiving Friend Rachel's letter, Father Green and I had a conversation which commenced at or during tea-time, and lasted till

'The wee sma' hours ayant the twal.'

I have no recollection of telling him any thing about this matter. Your mother sometimes shows him Friend Rachel's letters concerning you, but is under the impression she did not show him the one referring to Mr. Standish. Both your mother and myself agreed to keep the matter strictly to ourselves, and neither of us can recollect any departure from this agreement. But some how or other, Father Green has seemed to know all about the affair ever since that evening. It is true as a general rule, that what Father Green knows, in affairs of sentiment, whether of love or religion, Emily knows. But they are both very discreet. When Emily reached Ellas-land, she took your mother's hand and kissed her tenderly, as if something mournful had happened, and said:

'I do hope, my dear friend, that this — that nobody will be much pained or discouraged.'

Your mother said nothing. A drop trembled one moment on her eye-lid, and was with a smile brushed away. Seeing this, Emily's eyes filled and overflowed, and then she laughed. She and your mother retreated to some of the bureaux in another part of the house, and looked at some 'things.' I think there was a piece of new fringe in the house, and something on which the fringe was expected to be sewed.

When I drove up to Ellas-land with Mr. Standish, it happened that no one was in sight but Father Green, who met us at the gate. I introduced them to each other. Father Green said to me that in case I

had any thing requiring my attention for a short time, he would show Mr. Standish the grounds, and endeavor to entertain him. What now? thought I to myself. They were soon absorbed in a conversation of their own. I am not obliged to tell you how I know what they said, not being myself present; but I do know. It has always been to me a matter of wonder and surprise, how easily Father Green will unlock a person. Whether he carries a different key for each person, or unlocks every body with the same skeleton-key, I do not know. The keys never jingle in his hands or pocket; but a greater burglar, opening the closed rooms of every body's hearts, I never saw. One frequently thinks, here is a lock which none but the maker can open; and watches the process when an effort is made to open it. Father Green comes along, and lo! there is no effort, no process at all, but the book opens as it were of itself. Perhaps he is in the confidence of the great lock-maker.

'And so,' said he to Mr. Standish, 'you are about to embark on a career. I am glad of it. I love to see a vessel set sail and put to sea. I am absolutely glad to get acquainted with you. How did you leave Friend Rachel? My dear Sir, Friend Rachel is a pure woman, a pleasant woman, a good woman——'

'A motherly, noble old soul!' interjected Standish.

'Good! you love her!' said Father Green, seizing his hand. 'I love her. Ye or you love her. He, she, or it loves her. We love her. They love her, and I think God loves her. That's just what she is, exactly! A motherly, noble old soul. Were your legs often under her mahogany?'

'It's not mahogany at all,' said Mr. Standish. 'It's a plain pine table. Not much of goods or pelf has Friend Rachel, but her table is like herself, and her house very unadorned and inexpensively provided. No, I was not much there, and perhaps fortunately. In her plain garments, and with her countenance full of affection, self-respect, and inward rest, she seemed to me so serene and grand, that not the white-armed Hēzē, nor any other myth was ever such fit companion for the gods. It was rest and replenishment to cross her threshold: what business had I in that atmosphere of rest and peace? What motive for ambition and strife, when all that is capable of giving content lies before that heavenly soul without money and without price?'

'Tell me also,' said Father Green, 'about Ella. Was she there? Is she well? Is she handsome? How does she fill out, as they say? Is she intelligent?'

'Yes!' answered Mr. Standish. 'She was there!'

'Well! I long to see Ella,' said Father Green. 'She was a favorite here. I loved her very much. I shall be glad when she comes back to her friends.'

'I think she has friends there,' said Miles. 'Nobody would allow harm to reach her. Ella is as well known there as here. Nobody that sees her forgets her. Her manners are so gentle, and her heart so unselfish, that were she sick, her bed would be surrounded with unpaid nurses, competing for the pleasure of losing their sleep for her.'

'Good!' said Father Green. 'I believe that. But you do not tell

me how she looks. I thought she would look well, not perhaps beautiful, but something near it.

'I never thought about her looks,' said Mr. Standish. 'Now that I reflect upon it, I believe she is fine-looking. I like her very much; but I confess I had thought chiefly of her agreeableness generally. She is the most agreeable person I ever met.'

'I see then,' said Father Green, 'that you are a friend of hers. I will tell you that I am a friend of her friends. What you have said already makes me know that I shall like you. A young man of good courage, and good principles, and good hopes, and good dispositions, is to me an object of interest. Here is a voyage across a broad ocean which nobody crosses but once. I remember my own outfit, my commodity of ambitions, hopes, principles, dreams, and so forth; what a flutter and triumph I felt when, the sails first given to the wind, I saw the craft leaving shore and moving into the unknown! I am now far on my voyage. Every new craft that I see starting, especially if well rigged, I follow with vague hopes and fears. What rocks, what ice-bergs, what gulf streams, what islands, and monsters of the deep, may be found! What bays may open their green arms to receive him; what tropical fruits, what enchantments! Well, Sir, nobody can sail the vessel for you, but I wish you well, I do indeed.'

'Perhaps you may be willing to give me a chart of that part of the journey over which you have sailed,' said Mr. Standish.

'No, my friend, the journey is all written in water. No one can learn of another. One moves on, opening up new regions of discovery, combating storms and the like; he thinks he has learned something valuable, and wishes to tell it; but just when he has learnt it, he finds every body else has learnt it, except those who might be benefited by the knowledge, and they never will learn except by experience. No, Sir! It is a journey of every man for himself. The great secret, I think, is, not to convey too much freight, not to load the vessel. I know that I had a rough time, and must, I think, have gone down but for throwing overboard every thing I had.'

'Principles, and hopes, and all?' inquired Mr. Standish.

'Every thing!' said Father Green. 'Nor do I think I lost any thing. I am satisfied the stuff I started with would be of no value in the port of destination, none.'

'That being so,' said Mr. Standish, 'I am as well off as others. I start empty. I can hardly say I have no principles, but of hopes I am empty.'

'Hold!' said Father Green. 'Of hopes empty! Quite an uncommon start. Is there no hope, none? No hope of wealth, of fame, of happiness? Above all, is there no name which brings a slightly quicker pulsation, no existence which, added to yours, would complete it? Nothing down in the hidden caverns of your heart which breathes of love?'

'The voyage,' replied Standish, 'presents itself to me as absolutely dreary. Nothing that could enliven it is left to me. Any dreams of the kind you name, I am forbidden to indulge. I start under bare poles, without object, or compass, or rudder.'

'In very truth?' inquired Father Green, pressing Standish's hand. 'I will change the figure. One expects an old tree to lose its foliage, but to see a young, vigorous growth stripped of all its leaves, is painful. I have no right to your confidence, but if life looks dark, I would be glad to be your friend.'

Mr. Standish, I have reason to believe, confided all his troubles and wishes to Father Green. Their conversation ended, they came back to the house hand-in-hand like two children.

The Rev. Mr. Motherwort did not appear, and there was nobody to shade the occasion. Mr. Standish being introduced, Mr. Nathans said:

'Standish! Standish! are you a descendant of Miles Standish of the Puritans?'

'I have seen the Standish family tree,' said Mr. Standish; 'our branch grows behind the other branches, and only its extreme twigs are visible. I believe I am one of those twigs.'

'That is to say,' said Mr. Heminway, 'your Standish blood runs like spring-water in a lime-stone country, most of the way under ground? It falls into a seam or cavern near the spring, and runs in the dark?'

'So that,' answered Miles, 'when it comes to the surface, you cannot tell what spring it comes from.'

'I am sorry to observe,' said I, intending to be playful, but making an entire failure, 'that your family is consumptive. Rose Standish died of consumption.'

'*But she came over!*' said Miles. 'She was frail and feeble, and she was beautiful. Nevertheless, she had constancy to brave an unknown sea, and a hostile wilderness. I would consent to inherit her consumption, on condition of also inheriting her brave and trusting spirit. Rose Standish came over!'

'*She came over!*' said Father Green, improving the fine animation of Miles's manner when speaking of the heroism of Rose Standish. 'The brave Col. Miles Standish looked upon his Rose, about to wither. Who can tell the result if she had refused to come? Perhaps the Colonel himself would have staid back. His strong heart flinching might have excused others. There might have been no Mayflower, nor any Plymouth Rock.'

'With deference,' said Mr. Heminway, 'since Mr. Standish claims so little of that blood, I am under the impression the world might have been spared a great deal of cant and talking through the nose, if Rose Standish had staid in England.'

'They buried her,' said Father Green, 'on that wintry coast where the winds and waves come moaning from the Equator and the Arctic seas; but there went forth a tide of population up into the land throughout from sea to sea, whose reflux waves roll back upon Plymouth coast, and mingle their endless praise for the memory of Rose Standish with the rhythm of the winter seas and the summer seas.'

'That's jest exactly what they do,' said Mr. Antinous Weaver, 'and every one on 'em spends nigh upon a quarter, tradin' for pieces of such, or goin' to see the picters in Plymouth Hall. Rose Standish started a

new line of trade. If she had n't a come over, that rock mightent a been worth a dime, or a red cent. It would a been an old dirty boulder.'

'My friends!' said Father Green, 'let us taste wine temperately. Let us taste to the memory of Rose Standish, who, though frail and feeble, nevertheless *came over* — ROSE STANDISH *came over*!'

'Look not upon the wine when it is red,' said Rev. Mr. Motherwort, in a sepulchral voice, which suspended our glasses in mid-air. A kind Providence had caused him to reach the house just in time to lay his face upon our exuberance of spirit. 'Look not upon the wine when it is red.'

'Jess so!' said Mr. Antinous Weaver; 'that's scripter. But this wine an't red. It's 'nary red. Buy the red stuff anywhere for fifty cents a bottle. Can't get this short of a dollar; but it pays a good profit at a dollar.'

'Friends!' said Father Green, 'we are sorry not to have the approbation of Mr. Motherwort. He comes late, and does not understand us. Let us drink the wine, and then explain. ~~Mr.~~ Mr. Motherwort, this is to the memory of Rose Standish, who *came over*.'

The glasses were emptied.

Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., felt constrained to say that since the event had passed, however much he regretted it, he would not run the risk of saying any thing more to mar the festivity; but he believed if the spirit of Rose Standish were present, as it might be —

Rap! — rap! — rap! went the under side of the table near Father Green. This unexpected occurrence caused Mr. Motherwort's eyes to protrude, as if his cravat had been tighter than common, and, I must acknowledge, startled us all.

Mr. Motherwort had the floor. 'These raps may be a device of Satan. Sure am I that spiritual rapping is a delusion, so far as they may be imputed to any divine origin.' (Rap! — rap! — rap!)

This repetition of knocks under the table caused universal surprise.

'My idea was,' continued Mr. Motherwort, with pertinacity, 'that the spirits of departed friends may become warning voices, (Rap! — rap! — rap!) and be invisibly present. And if the spirit of Rose Standish were now present, I think it would admonish you as I did: 'Look not upon the wine when it is red.''

Here followed a close inspection of the table, without making any discovery. Mr. Antinous Weaver summed up as follows:

'Wal now! I'll be hanged if that an't curious. I tell *you* if I could make that thing go, jest accordin' to Gunter, it might do an amazin' deal of good. It would be worth followin' for a livin'. Now! I tell *you*, I allers thought I had my eye-teeth cut, (Rap! — rap! — rap!) *but* (looking with great perplexity at the table) if there did n't any body *do* that, I should raily like to know how it happened. Look here, Mister!'

This appeal was made to Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., as a new idea struck the enterprising brain of Mr. Weaver.

'Look here, Mister! a man feels want of ejjycation sometimes. If this thing 'll *work* right, if it's the real grit, it would make lecters go off

like griddle-cakes. I'll go you halves on it. You shall be the professor, and I'll tend to business management? I'll go it.'

Rap! — rap! — rap!

'Cre-e-e-a-m t-a-r-ter!' ejaculated Weaver. 'It'll knock camp-meetings all hollow! Convert a whole county at six-pence a head, and make a good thing of it. Warrant 'em done brown or no trade!'

Rap! — rap! — rap!

Mr. Weaver subsided in overwhelming astonishment, whispering to himself in long-drawn accents:

'S-a-int He-le-na-a!'

I am not able to explain those raps. I thought your brother was less impressed than some of us. If contrived by him, it must have been done for a general experiment, and not for that special occasion, and he has disclosed nothing. If contrived by your brother, Father Green was undoubtedly in his confidence; but if Father Green knew about it, although he might have consented to see the trick played for amusement, he would have explained it afterward, unless constrained by some governing motive to withhold an explanation for a short time. You know he would not become a party to a trick. As yet no disclosures have been made. It is a mystery. Your mother and Emily were so much affected by the unexpected raps, in connection with current reports of supernatural communications in the neighborhood, they were in danger of no longer being good company for the evening.'

Father Green said:

'This is certainly an unusual event. If it be one of those rappings reported to be caused by supernatural influence, then we are in the presence of unseen spirits, but I suppose we are in the presence of unseen spirits always. The only difference between now and other times is that these invisible influences have chosen a physical mode of signifying their presence. This mode of action does not impress me. I receive with greater profit the influences of spirit-land which come in silence, perhaps in solitude. But let us, as children say, *play* that Rose Standish is here. I would rise this way and reverently make her a little speech:

'Gentle Rose, forever dear and honored! You have bestowed upon the world a benefaction, a sweet and pure example of womanhood. You sought only the regards of one brave man, on whom fortune smiled not; whose life you sweetened and adorned. Turning away from friends and ease, loving one God and one husband, you cast your life upon the darkness of an obscure fate. Yet are you famous; honored above your sex, and the love of thronging generations waits upon you.'

Father Green resumed his seat, appealing to Emily to repeat some lines of Mr. Tupper, which she had read to him; and being thus called out, she recited with earnest simplicity and feeling:

'A men heart is a sacrifice to heaven: should it stoop among the creepers in the dust,
To tell them that what God approves is worthy of their praise?
Never shall it heed the thought! But flaming on in triumph to the skies,
And quite forgetting fame, shall find it added as a trophy.'

'Is the play ended?' said Mr. Heminway.

'It is ended,' said Emily.

'Thar's a great Yankee brag in that play. This yer notion of the Pilgrims I go in for. They are a 'cute people,' (speaking through his nose.) Now let us have something *national*. Let us play Pocahontas, and 'Old Virginny never tire.'

After due attention to Pocahontas, the company separated.

On this occasion Father Green multiplied himself and helped us through all difficulties. I almost enjoyed the evening. I think we have now got rid of Mr. Standish. Father Green agreed upon a correspondence with him, and secured him two or three business agencies, not lucrative but encouraging. I regard him as substantially off our hands and done with. The fellow appears to be well enough, after his kind, but I do not like him, that is to say, I wish he would mind his own business.

C A T U L L U S

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO UPON HIS RETURN TO HIS COUNTRY-HOUSE THERE.

O SIRMIO! thou sweetest gem
Of all peninsulas and isles!
Whether in lakes, or on the hem
Of ocean, decked in rippling smiles.

Oh! with what joy I look on thee!
And scarce believing it is true,
That safe I see thee now, and free
From Bith'nia and from Thynia too.

What joy is like release from care,
When the tired mind lays down its load,
And weary with its pilgrimage,
Comes to its own long-loved abode?

O joy o'erpaying peril's dread!
Beneath our household gods at last,
And on our own long longed-for bed,
Lay down and dream of labors past.

Hail, beauteous Sirmio! and rejoice,
Your lord returns: ah! nothing loth
He comes to thee: let every voice
That knows of rapture shout it forth.

Joy, every thing that lives and grows:
Joy, water of the Lydian lake;*
And every thing that laughter knows,
Within the house the joy partake!

* LAKE of Como.

AN EVENING PICTURE IN AUGUST.

BY H. C. ALEXANDER.

A COOL wind crisps the gliding brook,
And flutters round our leafy nook
With perfume bland and rare:
How sweet this rustic solitude,
How sweet the brooklet's interlude,
How calm this evening air!

No sound disturbs this peaceful dell,
Save the sweet chime of distant bell,
And dripping water-fall;
And now and then a sober thrush
Pipes through the tangled underbrush,
And echo hears the call.

Below, the noiseless ripples flow,
And wash the bank where the violets blow,
And drench the cresses green;
The brown stones glimmer through the wave,
And gloom aneath the current grave,
O'er which the willows lean.

Hark! from the corn the partridge calls;
His mellow whistle sweetly falls
On the attempered air:
The light streams out from yonder hill,
And tints with more than limner's skill
A picture wondrous fair.

Seen through the copsewood lattice brown,
Yon sunny vale and breezy down,
And yonder hills of blue;
Yon grassy summit's sweeping rise,
And yonder liquid azure skies,
Make up an enchanting view!

Hark! the choir of rural praise
Swell the wind with artless lays,
Music of the skies!
Robins yonder in the grove,
Pipe their note of grateful love:
What a sweet surprise!

Here in this hollow cool recess,
Romantic little wilderness,
Caressed by woodland gales —
Let us return our note of praise
To HIM who lengthens out our days,
Ere this blest radiance pales.

ELEANOR MANTON : OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER NINTH.

RESPECTABILITY.

THERE is nothing like binding up the wounds of others to make us forget our own. I found one more alone, more oppressed, more heart-broken than myself, and in soothing her I was soothed. Poor Lina ! I felt when listening to her wailings that I had looked on the last degree of human wickedness and human suffering. In her cup there was nothing but bitterness, and in her sky not a ray of hope. If there was any indulgence she could obtain by art, deception, or falsehood, she did not scruple to avail herself of it. Her stratagems were her only diversion, and wicked as they were, one would scarcely have been willing to deprive her of the power of using them, for she must have sunk into idiocy, or been frenzied to madness, without some safety-valve for her pent-up passions. Aunt Dolly had a peculiar terror of ridicule, and was withal strongly tinged with superstition, and the spiritual knockers were a sad trial of her credulity. She had no idea of believing, however. 'She knew perfectly well that it was all the work of the devil or of his emissaries, or else there was nothing in it all.' She would not go to see any of the performances, for it was 'an awful sin.' 'God did not give human beings any such power, and the days of miracles were past.'

Intelligence came that one of her children was sick in a distant part of the country, and it was of course to her a proper occasion for manifesting great grief. I do not mean to say that she did not really grieve, but a nature so thoroughly selfish could not be made unhappy, except by something that affected personal comfort or some selfish indulgence. She wept, and she wept just the same if she could not have the carriage at any specified moment, or a new hat for any grand occasion.

It was evening, and the house was still. No tidings had come all day to relieve anxiety concerning the child. Aunt Dolly had sat up late and alone, and was resting her head against the marble mantel, thinking perhaps of her son, and perhaps of what she should wear the next day to church. But whatever occupied her mind, she was suddenly startled by three slow, distinct knocks, in a little room adjoining, where no human being slept, and where there could be no earthly noise.

She could not venture there alone, but called her husband ; and not only the little room, but every other, great and small in the house, was examined. The servants were in bed ; Lina fast asleep, and so entirely dead to every thing in the waking world, that a light held to her eyes did not make her start. Again all was still, although anxiety was not quite lulled, and they listened, dreading and yet almost hoping, that the mysterious sounds would be repeated. Fifteen minutes had

just elapsed, when slowly and distinctly came again three unearthly knocks. They did not sound as if the instrumentality were human: this time they knew it could not be, yet again they opened the door, where all was dark, and looked out into the hall, and up the stairs, where human footsteps could not evade detection, but they were not there. So they seated themselves by the fire in solemn silence, feeling that some evil portended, and this must be the premonition, and when the third time it came in the same form, they had no doubt. The last rap was made just as the clock struck eleven. In half-an-hour they retired, and sleep had fairly settled on their eyelids, when the whole house was startled by the ring of the door-bell. When it rang in the day, a servant attended to it, but at this time Lina only was expected to jump quick enough to answer its summons, and the jingle had scarcely ceased, when she appeared in the hall at the bottom of three flights of stairs, and with no manifestation of timidity demanded: 'Who's there?' 'A messenger to the gentleman of the house,' was the reply. She opened the door and took a letter containing a telegraphic dispatch, which she carried to her uncle's room, holding a light for him while he opened and read: 'Your son is dead.' Then, without betraying any emotion, she departed to her room. Who now could doubt the spiritual premonition?

A deep and abiding impression it made on the minds of the afflicted, which has never been effaced. The good woman was as sure now that it was the work of the LORD, as she had previously been that it was the work of the devil. The next day she departed to attend the funeral of the lost one, and soon we heard that his spirit took its flight at precisely eleven o'clock on that Saturday evening.

When I descended to breakfast on Sunday morning, the strange events of the night were related to me, and it is not confessing one's self weak to say that such a marvellous coincidence seemed to me impossible upon any other principle than that of spiritual agency.

I listened solemnly, and solemnly believed. I did not see Lina till we were left alone, and the first moment she was without restraint in my presence, she exclaimed: 'What shall I do? If they should ever know what I did, they will kill me. Who would have believed any thing so dreadful could have happened?'

Without any idea to what she referred, I said: 'What has happened so dreadful?'

'You will never tell. You promise never to tell?'

'Certainly.'

'It was I that made the knockings. Just to think that I should happen to make them at the very moment when Samuel died. Why, I was frightened almost to death.'

'Lina!' said I. 'How could you do it undetected? How did you dare to practise such an imposition on Uncle Simeon, to say nothing of Aunt Dolly?'

'Oh! I thought it would be nice fun. They had said it was the devil so many times, I thought they would think, 'to be sure the devil has come,' and it would give Aunt Dolly something to talk about, so she

would n't scold for half a day. If only Samuel had n't died just then ! Dear me ! I almost believe the spirits sent me.'

'But how did you manage to come down-stairs and knock, and get back so fast asleep before you were seen ?'

I did not need to ask this question, for she was like a cat or a squirrel, an exemplification of omnipresence such as we never saw. There was no wall so thick that she could not see through it ; no barricade that did not echo every sound to her ears.

She waited till all were in bed but the one she wished to frighten : had every thing prepared beforehand, and ran down barefoot, entering the little room by a side-door, knocked, and ran to bed. They might have held ten blazing chandeliers before her eyes, and she would not have winked ; she had become so skilful in schooling her muscles to composure. She knew how to feign sleep, how to breathe, and needed only an instant in order to assume any attitude for sleeping or waking, necessary to her purpose. She heard them go all over the house, heard their remarks, but jumped as if it were a death-knell, when she heard the bell ring, for she was not prepared for any thing so entirely out of her programme. She stopped a moment to breathe before entering the presence-chamber, and resuming her stoicism, played her part so well that no suspicion rested upon her. She busied herself in all the mourning preparations, and heard the solemn warning discussed, and 'the wonderful designs of Providence,' without endangering herself by a trembling nerve. We thought to ourselves she would make an invaluable addition to the spiritual corps, whether in the body or out.

'But if they should ever know it,' she continued, 'what would become of me ?'

'I do not see how they can ever know it, unless some of your confederates in the ethereal world make it known. I am astonished at your audacity, but I shall not betray you, for sure I am it would be the last time you would have the privilege of knocking in this house. Just think of Aunt Dolly placed in such a ridiculous light by you !'

'I know it ; but would n't it be fun to hear her scold, after having found that the LORD had n't taken to knocking in order to warn her of calamities, after all ? What a knocking I should get !'

Poor child ! I was amused, and yet almost frightened at the exuberance and elasticity of her spirits. What a gay, blithe, happy creature she might have been made by kindness ! A sun-beam to lighten all the house.

For a few days at least, she enjoyed her freedom, going and coming whenever she pleased. She went to church, and a Hindoo could scarcely be more amazed than she, on entering the house of God, and a Hindoo could scarcely be more of a heathen as regarded all knowledge of the religion of the Bible. She had heard a chapter read, and a prayer made every morning since she had lived in the family, but scarcely knew the meaning of the form. Aunt Dolly invariably rose from her knees to utter — not curses, this would have been something within her definition of wrong, but every thing that stopped short of this, that was not actual profanity. Not to her servants, for they were independent, and would not stay where they were not kindly treated.

But it was a part of the discipline she considered necessary in the 'training of her children,' and it was a discipline from which they could not flee, although they writhed under it, and hated and loathed the author of it. They were gone now, and Lina was the only one on whom she dared pour out the venom which seemed to generate in her heart, and rise like the scum upon a seething cauldron, with this difference, that no clarifying process could diminish the slime.

One of her most oft-repeated reproaches to Lina, who was then fifteen, was, that she was so homely, so hateful, and so uninteresting, that she could never get married. 'You will be an old maid,' she would say, as the climax of scorn and hatred. In the next breath, perhaps, she would accuse her of wishing to run in the streets 'to be seen of men,' of manifesting desires which made her unfit for respectable companionship, and to the poor child it was a philosophy she could not comprehend, that to be married to a man was so necessary to respectability, but to think of one an unpardonable misdemeanor.

'Why is it,' she said one day, with a timidity which scarcely permitted the question, and a simplicity which was proof of her innocence. 'Why is it so disgraceful not to be married?'

'It is only disgraceful to vulgar minds, and nothing *should* be more disgraceful in the eyes of every woman than to be married in the way Aunt Dolly thinks respectable. What is the life she is living herself? What is the life to which she has compelled her youngest daughter, whom she educated with the same vulgar ideas? Yet it is, Lina, a sad life for a woman to live without love, without the exclusive, absorbing love which the devotion of one heart alone can give. But those who most appreciate it, who most need it, are often those who must spend life without it. A legal ceremony in the eyes of one so gross as your aunt, is all that is necessary to constitute a marriage: in the eyes of the law and society this is respectable, though the parties feel only aversion for each other; but in the eyes of God it is a crime.'

There could be nothing more gross and corrupting than the whole conversation, life, and associations of such a woman, and those whose society she enjoyed were of the same moral stamp. The young girl who was the frequent occupant of the sewing-room had attracted my attention, first for her quiet industry, and shrinking manners, and afterward from the allusions made to her by the pattern women who made her the subject of drawing-room scandal.

'What a fool a woman must be to think a man loves her till he has said so in so many words,' said Mrs. Pelham during a morning call, as I entered the room, in the midst of a *tête à tête* between herself and Aunt Dolly, of which poor Sarah Milford was the subject. Mrs. Pelham was a notable woman, very scrupulous about propriety in others as the way to impress the world that she was the pink of propriety herself. She married a widower with three children, because he offered himself to her in so many words, with no previous acquaintance, and because no lady else did, and her friends thought: 'On the whole she might as well have him; he was well off, and girls could not always stay at home; and she was not so young as she once was. She would be settled in

life, and women must n't expect perfection in a man, else they might as well make up their minds not to get married at all.'

Nobody will dispute that this is a good reason, and though it was whispered that she was not the happiest person in the world, nor the most amiable wife, she evidently thought it better to be Mrs. Pelham than Miss B., and infinitely more respectable to be married for any mercenary and grovelling motive than to remain single.

It was not for her to initiate us into the secrets of Sarah's heart, or the romance of her life : we knew it already. That James Rivers loved her or professed to, was evident only to herself. She alone had felt the power of those stolen glances ; it was her hand alone he fondly pressed ; on her ear alone fell the soft accents that thrill the soul. He had not said to her in so many words, ' I love you,' but Love's most eloquent language is not words.

Many hours I had sat with her, but could only extract monosyllables from her lips, and in many ways had endeavored to assure her of my sympathy, but in vain. She felt that my position was above hers, and would not trust me. But there is a key to every heart, and I at length found the one which would unlock hers. It was a word, which has many times since proved the talisman for a similar purpose, and brought the crimson blush to her cheek, and made her tones tremulous. She saw that I was on the threshold, and started back with what a maiden often feels to be conscious guilt, when a stranger is permitted to look within her heart. But there was no need of fear, because I had found she had a true woman's heart. I loved her. Her cold manner had been assumed for concealment, and the indifference to all around her was in consequence of the intensity of her own thoughts and feelings. She had once enjoyed what society calls position, a position equal to that enjoyed by those who now spoke her name lightly, merely because she was deprived of it.

What can be more cruel than to judge a sensitive woman in a matter concerning which she must die rather than speak the truth ! She was loving one to be sure, who now said, ' He had never loved her, never thought of doing so.' But it was not for love that she was dying. How could she prove that what he said was false, or else that all his intercourse with her was a living falsehood ? The tones so eloquent are not uttered in the presence of others ; the looks so full of meaning are carefully guarded from the gaze of other eyes. In the purity of her heart she had trusted and been deceived, and was this something to blush for ? The world says, Yes, something to be imprisoned for, something to die for. But we shall venture for once to disagree with the world.

Mrs. Pelham was sure that no woman of proper self-respect and dignity, would be guilty of any thing so unwomanly as trusting a man, unless he had formally committed himself by words. If I were a man I should consider such a remark the greatest libel on my sex. But Mrs. Pelham had grown so old that she supposed the events of her youth were forgotten, and certainly had no suspicion that any one would repeat them to me and that I should print them !

How true it is I cannot tell, but ' it is said ' that in her youth this

good lady, who is now so censorious concerning others, did actually love one who spoke no words of love to her, and professed to be exceedingly surprised when he learned the preference which had been bestowed on him ; and when she was called upon to give the reasons for her conclusions, certainly seemed to exhibit very shadowy premises for inferences so important. Yet she thought she had been greatly wronged, and pronounced him who had deceived her, or rather had allured her to the unpleasant position of indulging in unrequited love, 'A coquette, an unprincipled trifler.' And she had never forgiven him. I have heard her speak his name with a terrible bitterness, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, though she little suspected that I knew its source.

Now she goes from house to house gossiping about poor Sarah Milord, wondering she could be so weak and thus lower herself. How little she knows of the world if she thinks thus to divert suspicion from herself, and what a lack of true and noble feeling she manifests, for any reason thus to lend her influence to injure one whose sufferings are sufficient without the taunts of a heartless world. What more contemptible spirit can there be than that which prompts a woman to prove false to her sex, and pour bitterness instead of the oil of healing into a wounded heart ? Alas ! that it should be something of which woman is so often guilty. Poor Sarah ! she knew what every body was saying ; she knew some were blaming, some were pitying, and all were gossiping ; and he who had wronged her knew it, too, and triumphed in her sufferings. But he did not know how thoroughly he experienced the contempt of every noble mind.

Poor Sarah ! Day after day it seemed to her that life could not be supported, and I often trembled for her reason when I witnessed her fits of passionate weeping, and was more fearful when for days and weeks she could not weep at all.

Bulwer says : 'Of all the agonies in life, that which is the most harrowing and poignant, which for the time annihilates reason and leaves our whole organization one lacerated mangled heart, is the conviction that we have been deceived where we have placed all the trusts of love.' But the sentiment was woven into a novel, therefore it will seem to many not worth repeating, at least very weak and foolish. It is very weak and foolish in the eyes of some to love at all !

But to be married is necessary to respectability. These are some of the proofs of the delicate manners in which the blessing is sometimes sought. We know of several married gentlemen who are in the habit of amusing themselves by advertising for wives. Every evening they are in the habit of meeting to compare notes, and there are sometimes a hundred letters from women of all ranks in society, 'hoping the descriptions they give of themselves will prove satisfactory.' Often the real name and residence are given in full, and to one single advertisement there came four hundred answers in all sincerity. Does any woman who reads this blush for her sex ? In order to judge rightly of things, we must go back to causes. Why are all these women so anxious to get married ? Some of them because of their isolated and deso-

late condition ; some to be supported, and more to be respectable — because so terrible a disgrace not to be married to something. She must not compromise her delicacy by the slightest token of interest in any man she knows ; but she will venture to solicit the acquaintance of those whom she does not know, and if she is rejected it will not be gossipped about, and if accepted, why she will get a husband and a position in the world ; she may not be happy, most probably will be miserable, but she is miserable any way ; it is a venture in which there is at least a hope. We will not condemn those who resort to it, nor those who bring about the same result in a conventional way for the same reasons.

But let those who are continually insisting that this and this only, is the 'sphere of woman,' ponder for a moment these facts. There should certainly be some accessible and proper avenue for all to the only proper sphere, and one that will certainly lead to it. It cannot be disgraceful to reach in any honest way the only respectable position, and those should not be blamed who are tempted to 'climb up some other way,' rather than not attain to it at all ! Educated as they are, how can they deserve censure for acting in accordance with the sentiments instilled with every breath they draw ?

This is one of the proofs, and one of the least exceptionable that might be given, to show that 'womanly delicacy and reserve' are not entirely secure in the present state of things. If it is answered that only 'shop-girls' and servants lower themselves in this way, I shall be obliged to say that these are the very women who are the least likely to sacrifice themselves on such an altar. It is the women who have nothing to do but think, talk, walk, and dance, who are in most danger, guard them as you will. It is useless to talk of watchfulness and negligence in the education of children. Something more is necessary than care, more even than 'good religious and moral principles.' Snares and temptations allure the firmest, and in an hour of weakness they may fall. Idle hands are sure to fall into mischief, and the labor which occupies ladies of luxury is little better than idleness, and so liable is every woman to misfortune, that there should be some refuge for her, that sorrow may not darken and utterly corrode her spirit.

Love is neither crime nor folly, Unrequited love may be inexpedient, and she may be weak who indulges it ; but there was never a heart in which true love had dwelt that was not purified and made noble by its influence. The sin and crime in the world, ordinarily ascribed to love, should be ascribed to the absence of it.

'Oh ! that there were more love in the world, and then these things which we condemn would not be. Love implies an infinite respect, and the man who has once loved any woman, will feel some tenderness for all. All that was said or done by chivalry of old, or sung by Troubadours, but shadows forth the feeling which is in the heart of any one who loves. Love, like the opening of heaven to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope, charity for another being, perhaps but a creation of his imagination. Still it is a great advance for a man to be

profoundly loving even in his imaginations. Indeed, love is a thing so deep and beautiful, that each man feels that nothing but conceits and pretty words have been said about it by other men. And then to come down from this and to dishonor the image of the thing so loved ! No man could do so while the memory of love was in his mind.'

These words we have quoted, not from a novel, but from a very serious religious book, so serious and religious that few who will read this would think of taking it up. There is no subject concerning which there is so much false education and false sentiment as this. Among many, love is synonymous with degradation ; among those, too, with whom marriage is necessary to respectability. The mother thinks, when she has married off her daughter, she is safe. This was the feeling of Aunt Dolly. Let us look in upon the daughter whom she felt was secure when the law had pronounced her the lawful wife of Mr. Grimm. On a velvet lounge, in a little boudoir which opens out of the saloon, reclines the lady whose respectability is unquestioned. As we gaze at her she might be taken for one of those languishing creatures who repose in Eastern harems. How elegantly she is dressed ! how delicate is her form ! how graceful is her every motion ! To how many is she the object of envy ! If she wishes to ride, the carriage is at the door, so daintily cushioned and adorned that a fairy might consider it a paradise. There is an attendant for every want, and gold, which she may never be at the trouble of counting, is always at her command. When she married that old gentleman, who might well be her father, her parents could not sufficiently express their joy that their daughter was about to become so honored : she at least would reward all their care and anxiety. This is what the world sees. What we behold, when the curtain is lifted, may be the fruit of their false training, or a corruption engendered by neglect.

Her love was bestowed on another ; but she was taught that love was folly, and wealth absolutely necessary to position in married life. It was expected that she would entirely give up the one and take the other. That she resolves on a compromise, may be in consequence of her own exceeding wickedness ; but this wickedness is a natural consequence of the principles she has imbibed. Do not start back with horror as I repeat it. You have read of such things in French novels, and very likely French novels have been banished from your libraries, as they were from those to which this degenerate daughter had access. But characters for the French novelist do not flourish alone in France.

This is the resolution made and deliberately repeated to her lover, by one who had been taught to make respectability her standard, and wealth her god :

' You have not money, and therefore I cannot marry you. I must be rich. I must live in ease and luxury. I need to please my parents, and gratify the tastes which their indulgence has fostered. They approve of my choice. I will marry this old man for his money ; but in all that truly belongs to a husband, I will be ever yours.'

And when in the midst of all pomp, and parade, and bridal array ; amid the rejoicings and festivities of the wedding fêtes, her legal husband is

congratulating himself on the possession of a beautiful and true-hearted wife, and her parents are laying aside all anxiety because their daughter is WELL MARRIED and has a *protector*, she is planning secret and safe meetings with her paramour ! And this, in the eyes of the world, is an honorable, a legal and respectable marriage ! And what is it in the sight of Heaven ? How many will be shocked at this, who are training daughters by their false estimates of life, and especially of love, for just such a step !

Let us look again upon the poor girl in the sewing-room, and again contrast her in her humility and desolation with this shameless daughter of fashion.

'She will probably never marry,' said a shallow butterfly of society, who did not know her story, but knew she was dependent on her toil for daily bread. She herself had married a dissipated, dissolute spend-thrift, who had wasted her fortune, and so ill-treated her that she was now divorced. But this she seems to think an infinitely more honorable and desirable position than not being married at all, and in this is far from being alone. 'Sarah is not one to please gentlemen,' adds Mrs. F — ; 'there are some girls men never *do* take a fancy to.'

What a pity she seems to think it is 'not to be taken a fancy to.' So much better it is to be dandled a little while as a toy, and then cast out like rubbish, to be fancied and forsaken.

No, it is not likely Sarah will marry, but not because she is entirely unappreciated even by gentlemen. Marriage and money have been offered her many times, but she will not requite them with a blighted heart.

And what will she do ? What has she to live for ? She can only live for herself and those whom she has it in her power to bless. She goes from house to house to sew. Those who employ her treat her as an inferior, and in every *coterie* is repeated the story of her unfortunate love as a testimony against her self-respect ; but though she feels keenly the sting of the viper, she does not swerve from her high purpose and strong resolution. She is perhaps guilty of the folly of feeding upon her sorrow, but is ever patient, diligent, and efficient. Her taste is in requisition to give symmetry and beauty to the arrangements of many a drawing-room, to design the toilets for many an opera, ball, and party at which she is not invited to be present, not because she is not graceful, pretty, and educated, too, but because misfortune visited her family, and she is dependent upon her needle for support.

But she will not sew many years : the hectic is upon her cheek, and the pallor upon her temple. Those who read this may not know her, but you may yet meet in your daily walks or employ in your families some gentle maiden, whom you comment upon as dejected, unhappy, and perhaps disagreeable, whose heart you have never tried to understand, and whose noble purity it should be your study to encourage and commend. Who would not prefer to see a daughter like her, rather than the polluted thing whom the world calls fortunate and honored ? Yet families like this, and the society of which they are the exponents, are training hundreds and thousands to follow her example.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

A LEGEND OF THE COAT-OF-ARMS OF MAINE.

BY GEORGE BLANCHARD.

On old Katahdin's rocky side
A giant pine-tree grew,
And proudly o'er the forest wide
Its spreading branches threw.

The winds among its dark boughs sang,
Like ceaseless water's flow;
And murmurs as of ocean came
From the dim woods below.

For centuries that noble pine
Had stood in lofty pride,
Though winds had rolled the forests green,
Like ocean's billowy tide.

And oft its spreading arms on high
Had wrestled with the storm,
Nor time, nor winds, nor lightning's flash,
Could scathe its noble form.

But when the snow lay cold and deep,
On hill, and vale, and plain,
Along the glistening, trackless waste,
A sturdy woodsman came.

And as he viewed the tapering spire,
Like Grecian column true;
A vision came across his mind,
Of ships on ocean blue.

With lofty masts and cordage trim,
And swelling canvas white,
The starry banner of our land,
And fluttering pennons light.

The woodsman stood beside the tree
And wide his axe he swung;
Till with the heavy, measured strokes,
The forest echoes rung.

Anon he paused to breathe, and wiped
The big drops from his brow.
He listened as the echoes died,
And heard in murmurs low,

Strange and commingled whisperings,
That came from far and near,
As if the spirits of the wood
Was gathering round in fear.

His task resumed, the axe he plies,
Until, with rushing sound,
From his proud height the giant pine
Came crashing, thundering down.

A deep, sad moan ran far and wide,
Through every forest glen ;
As when in death some noble heart
Falls from the ranks of men.

Spring came, and now the sun's warm rays
On broad Penobscot gleam :
A branchless trunk the pine is borne
Adown the winding stream.

Far from its native hills away,
It floated silently
To where the sparkling waters meet
And mingle with the sea.

At length on shore again 't is drawn,
And shaped by skilful hands :
The main-mast of a gallant ship
The lofty pine now stands.

Firm braced with hempen cordage strong,
And block, and chain, and line,
It rises from the oaken deck
Above the sparkling brine.

Around the forest-king no more
The rolling woodlands sweep.
But foam-capped waves that rise and fall
Upon the ocean deep.

No more his dark green boughs shall sing
To every passing breeze ;
But his white sails shall clasp the winds
That bear him o'er the seas.

Go forth, proud ship, and win thy fame,
The fleetest on the waves ;
The strongest, when around thy form
The wildest tempest raves.

And long mayst thou as proudly bear,
O lofty mountain pine !
Our nation's honored stars and stripes
Above the foaming brine.

Fryburg, (Maine.)

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA.

With a little band of faithful followers, we find freedom tempest-tost upon the Atlantic in 1620. After a long, perilous voyage, the May-Flower is safely moored. Consecrated to her holy cause, the banner of Liberty is planted on the barren rock of Plymouth. The Pilgrim Fathers kneel in gratitude to the God of their sires, and the welkin rings with their psalms of thanksgiving.

‘THOUGH years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and swelling thoughts
Which overspread all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.’

Free from institutions that were repugnant to their feelings ; far separated from the corrupting influence of a court remarkable only for its debauchery, with a profligate monarch at its head, the Puritans, with a rigid faith and a firm reliance upon Providence, laid the foundations of a mighty empire of freedom, that was destined to command the respect and admiration of the world. The plough soon furrowed the virgin soil, and the ring of the axe was heard in the forest. School-houses were erected, colleges were founded and endowed, and the spires of their churches pointed to their eternal home. The rocks and the glens of New-England that once echoed with the horrid war-whoop of the Indian soon rang choral with the stirring songs of freedom. Industry was encouraged, and labor was rewarded. Colonies sprung up rapidly, and flourished in different parts of America. Virginia and the Carolinas were settled by the English, and New-York City was founded by the Dutch in 1612. States were formed, and entered into a bond of union, adopting the title of United States, September ninth, 1776. The blood that had been shed at Lexington and at Bunker-Hill, quickly aroused the whole people to a sense of their danger. The Declaration of Independence was the consequence. That immortal instrument emanating from the collective wisdom of the country, and boldly subscribed to by the great and good men of the times, immediately inspired the people of every state and territory with perfect confidence in the ultimate triumph of freedom, and in the honesty and unbending resolution of those who pledged ‘their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,’ to maintain the liberty of their native land, or perish in the attempt.

‘EASIER were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determined to be free.’

The press in the trying times of the revolutionary struggle, contributed in no small measure to the achievement of national independence. The first newspaper that was started in the United States was in 1704. It was styled the *Boston News-Letter*, and lasted for seventy years. Simultaneously with the first number of the *Boston Gazette*, in 1719, commenced the *American Weekly Mercury* at Philadelphia.

Six years afterward the *New-York Gazette* made its appearance. Shortly after that period every State could boast of its printing-presses and its newspapers. Liberal principles were diffused throughout the land. The entire freedom of the press was secured by the Constitution of the United States. What has been the consequence? Every religious denomination and every political party has its daily and hebdomadal organs. Apart from newspapers, the number of original works now published, the reprints of the works of foreign authors, the sectarian, political, scientific, and literary periodicals, is wholly inconceivable and unparalleled in the history of literature. By the liberty of the press, freedom is secured and perpetuated. Tyrants dread its influence. Honest men can face the truth with a clear conscience, and court investigation into their actions. Bad men hate the means that give publicity to their rascality. A free press will speedily tear a crown from a despot's brow, and overthrow the institutions that are oppressive to mankind. Give continental Europe the liberty of the press, and every blood-stained throne will tumble down. Paper bullets, when freely levelled against tyranny and corruption, do more havoc than the leaden messengers of musketry. Experience tells us 'the pen is mightier than the sword.'

Isolated as we are in California, with no youthful associations to attach us to the State, at the same time feeling a cordial interest in its growing prosperity, there is nothing so conducive to its welfare and the happiness of its people, than the cultivation of social virtues; the education of the rising generation; the elevation of good men to offices of trust and responsibility; the purity of our legislative halls and courts of justice; the fearless administration of our laws, and the encouragement of a high-toned and incorruptible press. The press when unfettered is an omnipotent engine of power, and when directed against oppression, must inevitably prostrate the haughtiest system of despotism that the ingenuity of man can frame. As lightning purifies the air, so an independent press will impart a salutary tone to the moral atmosphere around us. It protects the sanctuary of the fireside, and places on the pedestal of scorn the sacrilegious scoundrel who would dare to blast its happiness and peace. It is a shield to the ballot-box; it is 'a terror to evil-doers.' It exposes state and municipal abuses. It tears the mask from hypocrisy, and seeks to send the criminal to the bar of justice. Trumpet-tongued it demands the penalty of the law to be unequivocally carried out to the assassin and the robber. It breathes not vengeance, but insists upon justice being done. If the necessity of a gibbet be suggested by a free press, it is not that the innocent may suffer, but that guilty wretches, reeking with crime, may die the ignominious death which they deserve.

There never was a State where the influence of a free press was more needed than in California. Unprincipled adventurers have come in swarms to these shores with no loftier object in view than the perpetration of crime. They find their advocates in our courts; they find corruption presiding on the bench. The consequence is, that we see murderers swaggering in our streets, smoking with the blood of their victims, bidding defiance to the laws, and laughing at the futile at-

tempts of baffled justice to send them to prison or the scaffold. We see men, occupying high official positions, cordially taking them by the hand and congratulating them upon their escape. The heart sickens at the contemplation of such a state of things. Can we wonder that our population does not increase? Can we be surprised that so many respectable families leave California with no intention of returning? Shall we invite people to the State, and welcome them with Bowie-knives and revolvers? Old, worn-out political demagogues from the East, with no respectable antecedents, and notorious bullies, swindlers, and gamblers have been appointed to office, and in many cases been blindly elected to frame State and municipal laws for the government of the people. No man whose private character is associated with vice and dishonesty, ought to be trusted for his public virtue. The man who is *morally* bad cannot be *politically* good. He who would wrong his neighbor would swindle the public. The man who would hazard the means upon which a family may be depending for support at the desperate game of chance, would not scruple, if in power, to gamble away the liberties of the people. Are such men fit to be legislators? Ought such men to fill our public offices? Heaven and earth unite in saying, God forbid! Through fear or interest, the newspapers generally have been dumb on this subject. Stock-jobbing, banking, speculating, office-holding, and advertising influence muzzle their independence. The *Bulletin* was a splendid exception. All honor to the man of irreproachable character, who, with clean hands and uprightness of motive, buckles on the armor of moral courage, and from the citadel of freedom hangs out 'his banner on the outer wall' and hurls defiance to the besieging foe. The sword of truth was a terrible weapon in the hands of James King of William. Cowards and ruffians trembled at its glance. Corruption staggered at its touch. He did not court respect, but commanded it. He boldly faced threatened danger and treated with dignified contempt his paltry traducers. He was a public benefactor and felt perfectly secure in his editorial career, sustained as he was by the whole moral strength of the community. In the full vigor of manhood he was shot down by an infamous felon from the prison of Sing-Sing. Tens of thousands weep his loss in California, and millions will yet live to bless his honored name. Had the murderer of the lamented King not been hung by the citizens, the scaffold never would have been erected for him by the constituted authorities. They were his friends and his boon companions. No doubt future honors were in store for the assassin. Little did his abettors dream that Casey, the chosen instrument of their infamy, when he aimed the fatal bullet at the breast of King, was giving the death-blow to all the schemes and intrigues of his corrupt associates, that he was securing the gallows for himself and banishment for his friends; that he was invoking a terrible power, which, when organized, would sweep, irrespective of position, every villain from the State.

Impudent and unprincipled lawyers prostitute their talents in the advocacy of vice, and in eloquent metaphors attempt to justify the deeds of atrocious criminals at the bar of justice, and to gild the dens of infamy in our midst with the charms of virtue. They glory in their

triumphs and proudly receive the wages of iniquity. Such a deplorable state of morals, so unblushingly promulgated by perverted genius, is dangerous to our institutions and utterly subversive of all that is good in society. The grand and leading objects of a free press ought to be, to elevate the standard of social morals in the State; to stem the tide of political corruption; to increase the means of education; to support Christianity undefiled by sectarianism, and to pull from her altars the cobwebs of an antiquated superstition; to attack and expose abuses wherever they exist; to drag crime from darkness into light; to illuminate ignorance; to banish ruffians from our boundaries; to support candidates of good character for public offices; to reduce the burden of taxation under which we groan by a system of wholesome retrenchment; to break up oppressive monopolies and corporations; to purify our Legislature and our courts; to protect private rights, and to hold sacred the domestic roof; to shield from danger the innocent, and to inflict the penalty of the law upon the guilty; to encourage every project that aims at the glory of our common country and the prosperity of the people; to make California the home of an enlightened freedom, where industry is rewarded and contentment and peace reign in every dwelling, and to earnestly labor in the cause of transmitting unimpaired to posterity the blessings of liberty.

JAMES LINEN.

L A T E A U T U M N .

The glory hath departed from the year:
 The rain is falling from the sombre sky;
 And the wind's greeting as it sweepeth by,
 Hath a strange tone of sorrow and of fear;
 While loud above its wailing voice I hear,
 With a deep thrill of awe, the ocean's roar,
 As break the waves against the desolate shore,
 Sounding like far-off thunder to the ear.

The leafless branches of the stately trees
 Are writhing as with anguish in the blast;
 The heavy clouds are drifting slowly past,
 Like storm-beat vessels on the wintry seas;
 The vale is desolate: the hills are bare:
 And mark at times how savagely the rain
 Smites the sad earth, that seemeth to complain
 Of having lost all that was once so fair.

And the gloom deepens as the by-gone days
 Come thronging back: for in the olden place
 I see a fair and young, but saddened face;
 We parted early, taking different ways,
 And yet there was but little cause for strife;
 But when, too late, my sinful pride was gone,
 I found that I had madly trampled on
 The only happiness of a weary life.

H O F E R .

WHERE the giant mountain-shadows from the blue Inn's swelling breast,
 Frowning off the longing sun-light in their sullen grandeur rest;
 In that fair and happy valley, sentinelled by Titan bands,
 Quaint offspring of centurial years, the town of Innspruck stands:
 Rich in the lore of a mighty past, in legend and in story;
 Rich in high-hearted, honest sons, a country's truest glory;
 Rich in its old Cathedral Church with clustering ivy spread,
 The Santa Crocé of the land, where sleep her noble dead;
 Rich in the memories which haunt its columned aisles like prayer,
 Which sanctify the vast, dim nave, and pictured oriels there.
 Oh! a solemn thing it is to tread at twilight's shadowy hour,
 Its marble floor, with spirit hushed by its spells of mighty power;
 When a golden glory hovers o'er the pale Madonna's brow,
 And sculptured saints, in robes of light, before her presence bow;
 When Kaiser MAXIMILIAN still a kingly homage claims,
 And stalwart knights, in glittering steel, wait round, and jewelled dames;
 When the bold Crusader's red cross gleams, and sword and helmet shine,
 As when from trampled Paynim hordes he wrested Palestine.

But I turned from these, and pacing slow o'er the pavement rainbow-strewed,
 Sought where the brave Tyrolean chief in stainless grandeur stood,
 With his own loved banner's blazoned folds drooping around his head,
 And the falchion in his strong hand grasped, in the twilight blushing red.
 As I gazed upon the stately tomb a grateful emperor gave,
 To grace his patriot in death, whose life he scorned to save,
 The thrilling memories of the past trooped forth before mine eye:
 In green Passeyer's quiet vale I saw the hostelry,
 Where HOFER pledged his jovial guests beside the festive board,
 And the merry jest and laugh went round, and the generous wine was poured;
 Or where the westering sun his burning bulk had hid
 Behind the old dead earth-quake's tomb, the mountain pyramid.
 And the village magnates clustered round in the gentle vespertine,
 Where the long way-side grew green beneath the over-arching vine;
 While their locks were wet with the fragrant dew, a pleased attention gave
 To HOFER's manly bursts of cheer or words of wisdom grave.
 When the lurid sun of Austerlitz went down in blood and shame,
 And bitter Presburg's hollow peace with a deadlier anguish came:
 And FRANCIS HAPSBURG's honor as king and man lay low,
 When he sold like sheep his loyal friends to an old and hated foe;
 And the smothered indignation burst with a volcanic swell,
 When the fierce conscriptor's bugle blew their liberty's wild knell;
 And the mountain torrents from their heights leaped with a madder spring,
 As they bore the signal saw-dust on for the nation's gathering.
 And the Eisach and the Inn, the Adige and the Drave,
 To the leader's sign, a deeper roar and a swifter current gave;
 And the star-communing snows flushed with the beacon light,
 Which, kindled on Seriolis, caught every tower and height;
 And the messengers of fate from chalet to chalet,
 From house to house cried, 'It is time!' when dawning brought the day.
 And the mountain cohorts gathered with their trusty rifles there,
 And each bullet held a death which gave no space for prayer;
 And the gallant HOFER led them on for 'God and Father-land,'
 With the crucifix upon his breast and the red wine in his hand;
 And beside the roaring Eisach they beat the Leaguers down,
 And taught the dying DITTFURT in Innspruck's rendered town,
 'They need not school-trained generals to lead to victor-fights,

Who strike for hearths and altars, for GOD and human rights.
 When the hope which rose at Essling at Wagram lay full low,
 And dread Vienna followed with two-fold emphasis of wo:
 Then swelled the granite-purpose in gorge and mid-night glen,
 To scale the deeper depth their king had sunk for them;
 And they filled their ancient larches and bound with iron o'er,
 And sent defiance and quick death with the cannon's thunder-roar;
 And they slung the eager rocks o'er the mountain pass below,
 'In name of the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST now let the good ropes go:
 And Dantzie's picked Bavarians found a bloody fate, unbought,
 For what the avalanche had spared the deadly rifle sought;
 And the Glockner and the Brenner gave back the victor cry,
 As from Pontelag and the Yama a hundred years gone by.
 So won the peasant-braves each fight by the noble HOFER led,
 While the timid lord,* with knightly spurs, ingloriously fled;
 So ruled the patriot-chief o'er his native land that day,
 And no foe was there, save the sleeping hosts who mingled with the clay;
 While 'neath the flaunting tri-color, in his shattered home once more,
 The wretched FRANCIS sold friends, child to the haughty conqueror.

But there came at last a fearful time of darkness one might feel,
 A cup of trembling to be drained, their king had helped to deal:
 When the eagles of their mountains sent forth despairing cries,
 As the Gallic standards floated their golden-ring'd eyes.
 And their hope grew stark despair, and their hearts so high and bold,
 Turned chill and gray in their mighty wo like the NIOBE of old,
 When the luckless brave who failed to make his grave in the blood-stained snow,
 Met the hateful doom of the red brigand from the proud, chivalric foe.
 And the chief who had fought his country's fight so fearlessly and well,
 When the strife was done, found no resting-place where his wearied foot might dwell;
 But they tracked him forth in the bitter cold from Alpine height and glen,
 As ye track from his mid-night foraging the wolf to his bloody den;
 And they set a price on his honored head with their fear commensurate,
 As brutes bid for scalps, or men for brutes they seek to exterminate.
 And when the frozen mid-night lay dark upon the earth,
 With a quick, sharp tread, a goodly troop of grenadiers came forth:
 And the false friend and traitorous priest — may his name be cursed! — DONAY,
 Showed the perilous path up the dizzy height to the ice-entombed chalet;
 Then statelier swelled his lofty form as he stood before them there,
 And named his name in a voice that rose electric on the air.
 But they loaded him with shackles in ignoble hate and dread,
 And bore him through the pleasant places where his golden youth had fled;
 And they tore his stricken wife and children from his side,
 While the torrent of his tears swept down the barrier of his pride;
 And where the Mantuan fortress, like a murderer scowls unshriven,
 They shut him from the goodly light and the blessed air of heaven.
 Then in wretched mockery of law in bootless judgment sate,
 For an iron will and a stony heart had preordained his fate.
 So a file of grenadiers came up before the blushing sun,
 And the rattle of their muskets told when the direful deed was done:
 And *another* noble spirit the crystalline city trod,
 And the voice of blood cried out once more to an avenging GOD.

Long years went by, and that mouldering form came back to the haunts of men:
 Gaul's vulture now was stiff and stark, and the nations breathed again;
 So they bore him from his quiet rest by Mincian murmurs spelled,
 Through the 'Via Dolorosa' back, while mournful music swelled;
 And war-scarred veterans stood forth, companions old and dear,
 And his broad-brimmed hat and trusty sword they laid upon his bier:

* CHASTELER.

And a weeping nation followed through that quaint old Innsbruck town,
 'Till they laid their honored burthen in the Santa Crocé down;
 And high and solemn rose the mass and the requiem gently died,
 As they left him to his rest by Kaiser MAXIMILIAN's side.

So a dreamer and a wanderer from the land beyond the wave,
 Mused beside the sculptured marble rising fair above his grave,
 And the lesson laid to heart amid the gathering gloom:
 The cold light of a monarch's grace shines only on the tomb.

ASIA.

A MONTH AT THE RACKET.

THE overture to 'Donna del Lago,' which was given with great effect, being over, the first question was, what shall we do now: have tableaux, charades, recitations, or tell stories? The Captain proposed the latter, to which we all assented, provided he would commence first.

As the suggestion came from him, he could not refuse, and therefore began as follows:

THE MOOSE FIGHT.

'You all recollect, in going up the East-Inlet, about four miles from its mouth there is a large bend, known as 'Moose-Bend.' This name was given to it by our valued and valiant friend Higby, from its being the scene of a terrible encounter with an enormous moose, one of the largest of his species, in which he and my brother Stephen were the heroes. The Lieutenant was of the party, though not in the boat at that time, and will vouch for the truth of the story, as I have it from my brother's own lips.

'They had floated all the way up the Inlet without seeing a deer, and were on their way back, when reaching this bend, they descried, as they thought, the eyes of a large buck not ten rods off, which, to their astonishment, took to the water, and was making direct for their boat. Before they could recover from their surprise, the animal was nearly on them. Stephen fired, as he said, right between the horns, which, looming up in the obscure light of their dimly-burning 'Jack,' appeared like two huge hemlocks stripped of their leaves. This had no effect but to make him snort a little, not even changing his course; so, on he came, until within three yards of the boat, when Stephen let him have the other barrel. This time he sent forth a terrific roar, and plunging forward, upset their skiff, spilling them, of course, both into the river.

'Higby made for the shore, and my brother for the boat, kicking away lustily in the direction of the hunter's voice, for it was as dark as Erebus, their 'Jack' of course being extinguished, apprehensive that the moose might attack him in the water, for they now knew it to be a bull-moose, and of the largest kind.

'They were both very much mortified that the animal should have escaped, as they now heard him bellowing through the woods at an awful rate, fairly 'making night hideous.'

'From the gurgling sound he made when roaring, they were satisfied he was mortally wounded in the throat, and that they would find him not far off in the morning, so they marked the spot by the stake, which you see yet remains, (although it is ten years since the occurrence,) turned the water out of their skiff, and supplying their lost paddle with one of the seats, (leaving their rifles and every thing sinkable at the bottom of the river,) made the best of their way to camp, which they reached at day-break.

'John and our friend the lieutenant here, were startled from their beds by the shouting and whooping they made, and supposed they had killed at least a half-dozen deer : so you can imagine their surprise when they related their adventure.

'After warming themselves thoroughly, and taking a cup of hot tea, they all started off again, taking the hounds with them and two boats, feeling confident they would bring home a moose weighing not less than half a ton.

'In this they were doomed to be disappointed. After tracking him for over a mile, through bushes covered with blood, they came to a swamp, so thick and miry that even the dogs could not enter it. It was, in fact, impenetrable to any animal but a moose, and for that reason no doubt he had sought refuge in it.

'After making several ineffectual attempts to penetrate the thicket, they were obliged most reluctantly to give up the chase, all sadly disappointed, and Stephen mortified, as he could not understand why, when so near to him, he had not killed him instantly.

'Thus ended this famous moose encounter, and this is the reason why that spot is called Moose-Bend ; and it is now for the Lieutenant to say how near I have stuck to the truth in the relation of it.'

'Too near by half, my dear Captain ; not a word of exaggeration or of embellishment. Had I told it, I should have seasoned it with a *little* of the marvellous, such as a death-struggle in the water between Stephen and the moose, with Higby swimming to the rescue, just in time to save his life, by plunging a knife into the throat of the moose, etc., etc., or something of that sort, just enough to make it spicy.'

'Well,' exclaimed Onkahye, 'you can *spice up* your own story as much as you please, for it is now your turn, as we must proceed according to rank.'

'The story that I shall relate is one that will not require any addition of fiction to render it spicy, for the naked truth will so tax your credulity that I am afraid you will even doubt the testimony whence it was derived, namely, my *own mother and aunt*, both of whom I have heard relate it so often, that I almost fancy I was myself an eye-witness of the facts which they solemnly attested occurred in the old homestead, and before their own eyes.

'It will also prove to you that this doctrine of 'spiritualism,' which has set the world agog for the last three years, turning the heads of lawyers and professors, and even of divines, is of no modern origin, as these events occurred as far back as the last century.

Story of the 'Knocking Girl.'

'ABOUT the year 1790, there lived in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie a very respectable family of the name of T —, with whom resided, in the capacity of domestic, a young girl whom we shall call Sarah.

'This girl had the misfortune to possess great personal charms, which had won for her the title of the 'Belle of the Village.'

'Among her numerous admirers there was one, a thriving Dutch shoe-maker, Hans Van Tassel, whose attentions to her amounted to persecution, as she could not endure him, and would never give him the least encouragement, for she was no flirt.

'One day when Hans was urging his suit with more than usual ardor, and would not listen to her entreaties to cease his persecutions, she playfully slapped his face. Like a touch from an electric battery, this blow seemed instantaneously to turn the current of his passion from the warmest love to the direst hate, and with the remark that 'he would be revenged for this,' left her, his heart swelling with evil passions.

'Sarah felt relieved that she had so easily got rid of him, (as she thought,) so that his remark made no impression upon her, and for the two weeks following, felt happier than she had done at any time during the past year.

'It was not, however, to be of long duration, for on a bright Sunday morning, while walking to church with one of her more favored suitors, she heard a noise behind her, precisely like the sound of a hammer on a cobbler's lap-stone. On looking around, and seeing no one, she thought it very strange, as the noise appeared so close to her. Supposing it might be imaginary, she asked her companion whether he heard it. 'Yes,' he replied, 'quite distinctly; but probably it may proceed from your shoes on this hard road, (for it was winter time;) let us step into the adjoining field.'

'They did so; but there it was, still, rap, rap, rap! They crossed a pond that was frozen, and even there, as if from *under* the ice, came the same mysterious knocking.

'Her companion then suggested riding, as he thought it might proceed from something about her person, and would cease when not in motion. So they hailed a neighbor, who was going by in his wagon, also on his way to church, and getting in, what was their horror to find the noise even louder than ever, rap, rap, rap! as if knocking on the bottom of the wagon.

'She now became so nervous, that on arriving at the church-door, she dared not enter, and entreated her friend to accompany her home again.

'The noise pursued her all the way to her house, and even within its walls. Up-stairs or down, in the garret or the cellar, sitting or walking, on the bed or on a sofa, was this continuous, monotonous, unearthly sound ringing in her ears.

'It was not a disease of the imagination on the part of the poor girl, for every one in her vicinity heard it just as distinctly.

'This state of things continued for a week, when her tortures were increased by perceiving that every thing she approached would fly from her. Chairs and tables would move from their places, pillows fly from the bed, and *even her shoes and stockings would be pulled from her feet* by some mysterious agency.

'This last was witnessed by my mother in her own father's house, (where she was brought by Dr. T — on a visit, the families being intimate,) in presence of at least a dozen persons, three of whom are still living, and who I have heard frequently corroborate the above facts.

'During all this terrible persecution, the afflicted girl never once thought of her discarded lover, until it occurred to some one that he might possibly have an agency in it; but on going to his shop they found it closed, and ascertained that he had left the village on the very same day the knocking was first heard, and could discover no traces where he had gone to.

'Under this mysterious dispensation the poor girl became reduced to a mere shadow of her former self, and unless some means of driving out the demon which possessed her was discovered, it would soon prove fatal.

'At this time there was living in the neighborhood an old woman, who had long been famous for her prescriptions, and was looked upon with a degree of awe by the villagers from the surprising cures she had effected. As a *dernier ressort*, she was applied to, and Dr. T — was prevailed upon to try an experiment which she recommended, and which, strange to say, was successful; for after six weeks of intense mental suffering, the evil spirit left her, and in a short time she recovered her former health, but never her usual spirits. Thus ends my story. I am not astonished at that smile of incredulity, Metoah, for I would not believe it myself dared I doubt the testimony of a mother's lips. Beside, there are no doubt many other witness living, as it created an excitement at the time which reached even to Philadelphia, (where Congress was then in session,) so that many of the members went up to prove with their own eyes whether such incredible events could be true.'

'But how was she cured? what was the experiment?' all the ladies exclaimed in a breath.

'This the Doctor would never reveal, and always avoided any allusion to the subject.

'Now, ladies, 't is your turn,' said the Captain, commencing with the eldest. At this there was some dispute who was entitled to the precedence on that account, but finally Onkahye said that if a recitation would answer instead, she would try and recollect a piece of poetry composed by a young lady of seventeen, and which she believed had never been in print. It is called the

'LITTLE PET PLANT.'

'A FLORIST a sweet little blossom espied,
That grew like its ancestors by the road-side:
Its perfume was simple, its colors were few,
Yet this flower looked fair in the spot where it grew.
The florist espied it and said: 'I'll enchant

The botanical world with the sight of this plant :
 Its leaves shall be sheltered and carefully nursed,
 All the world shall be charmed, though I met with it first
 Under a hedge.'

'He carried it home to his hot-house with care,
 And said : ' Though rarer exotics are there,
 This little plant when I've nourished its stem
 In tint and in fragrance shall imitate them.
 As none will suspect from the road-side it came,
 'Rhodum-sidum' I'll call it, a beautiful name ;
 While botanists through their glasses shall view
 Its beauties, none will suspect that it grew
 Under a hedge.'

'But when this little plant first shook off the dirt
 Of its own native hedge, it began to grow pert,
 And tossed its proud head on seeing that none
 But exotics were round it — thought itself one.
 As a wild flower, all would have owned it was fair,
 And praised it, though handsomer flowers were there ;
 But when it assumes hot-house airs, we see through
 The false tint of its leaves, and suspect that it grew
 Under a hedge.

'In the by-ways of life, oh ! how many there are
 Who, being born under some fortunate star,
 Assisted by beauty or talents grow rich,
 And bloom in a hot-house instead of a ditch,
 And when they despise not their own simple stem,
 The honors they grasp may gain honors for them ;
 But when like this little plant they begin to grow pert,
 We soon trace them to their original dirt
 Under a hedge.'

Onkahye had scarcely finished her recitation when a shout like an Indian war-whoop was heard from off the lake, starting us all on our feet. We rushed from the camp, seized our rifles, and ran to the shore to see what untimely visitor came thus to intrude upon our little band. What was our delight on recognizing the voice of an old friend, and when his boat reached the shore, out jumped Andrew Newcome into the arms of Hawkeye, who embraced him as a brother. We were all rejoiced to see him the more that we knew he must bring letters for the ladies, for we had now been nearly three weeks in the wilderness without any tidings from home.

Those who have been a long time at sea, when homeward bound, and speak a vessel recently from the port they are striving to reach, can judge of the anxiety and joy we experienced as we awaited the answers to the thousand inquiries we put to him in a breath.

Then came the reading of the letters, (for he brought some for all the ladies,) which fortunately contained naught but good news.

Afterward the papers were glanced over. Sebastopol not yet taken. No deaths among our friends. An accident, however, had occurred to one of mine, which came near proving fatal, and from the noble conduct of a little boy only thirteen years of age, deserves more than a passing notice.

The father, Mr. B —, an artist of great merit, went out fishing near Hell-gate, accompanied by his son and another gentleman. By some carelessness the boat was upset, and after struggling some time in

the water trying to regain the boat, the noble little fellow cried out : ' Never mind me, dear father, but save yourself for mother's sake.'

Providentially they were seen from another boat, and were rescued just as they were going down for the last time locked in each other's arms ; for what father could desert *such* a child in that awful hour, even for a fond wife's embrace ?

Brave boy ! such a speech is worthy of a Lawrence or a Nelson. May you long live to be the pride of your parents and an honor to your country !

The excitement produced by this advent being somewhat subsided, we repaired to the supper-table, which the ever-provident Higby had covered with all the 'delicacies of the forest.' 'T is needless to say that our new-come visitor did most ample justice to it, for he had not eaten a mouthful since morning, had ridden thirty-five miles on horse-back and rowed five, performing in forty-eight hours from New-York, what took us four days to accomplish.

20th August. — Clear, with a young moon. No floating to-night. Being our last night at the Racket, we manned all the boats and went upon the lake to take of it a last farewell. Bon-fires were lighted on the several islands and points in the vicinity of our camp, not of rejoicing, as they are generally demonstrative of, but to dispel the gloom that pervaded our hearts at leaving a spot that had been endeared to us by so many delightful scenes and so much unalloyed pleasure. What a calm and lovely night it was ! The stars shone with unusual lustre, paling the youthful moon just struggling into existence as it sank behind the distant hills. Not a ripple marred the brilliant reflections of our bon-fires, which (as they burnt so near to the water's edge you could not distinguish the reflected from the real light) appeared like vast comets, floating with the stars on the surface of the lake, while Schenedau with his flute waked up the echoes of those silent hills, until the beauty of the original music was lost in the thrice-repeated notes the nymph gave back, as if overjoyed at an opportunity of speaking after the long silence to which she had been condemned by Juno.*

So enwrapped were we by the beauty of the scene and the consciousness that it was our last night of forest-life, that it was mid-night ere we retired to our camps to seek that repose so necessary to fit us for the toilsome journey on the morrow.

The morning of the twenty-first was the saddest of any yet experienced in the camp. Long and dismal were our faces when we assembled at breakfast to partake of our last meal on our rude pine table.

After placing the baggage, (which had been marvellously reduced,) we proceeded to demolish our camps and dining-shanty. This was a melancholy but imperative duty, otherwise they would be used by other parties, to the destruction of all the fine wood in the vicinity, which, as I before mentioned, was the property of our respected commander. While the demolition was going on, we received a visit from our neigh-

* ECHO, one of the nymphs, was punished by JUNO, for playing a trick upon her, by depriving her of all control over her tongue, neither able to speak *before* another has spoken, or to be silent when one has spoken.

bors on the other side of the lake, Si Wood, wife and daughter, on whom we bestowed all our superfluous clothing.

At eight o'clock the Captain gave the signal for departure, and in a few minutes boat after boat pushed from the shore, and, forming a line, six in number, advanced in solemn procession toward the North-bay, leaving 'Sand Point' and all its delightful memories behind us, never perhaps to be visited by the same party.

The day was most lovely, and as we rounded the point, from each boat was discharged a 'farewell gun,' which, like a volley o'er a soldier's grave, was the loudest demonstration we could make of our grief at departure.

With the assistance of a fine southerly breeze we soon reached the point of debarkation, but what was our dismay to find no horses to convey our luggage to the wrecked wagon which had broken down three miles beyond Albany Mountain, to which (a distance of fourteen miles) we of course had to walk. We had no alternative but to leave the baggage behind us, careful, however, to take the provisions with us, which Higby carried in his pack.

We had not proceeded more than two miles when we met the teamster riding at a killing pace, having found the horses about four miles back on their way home. On reaching Beach's Lake, we had recourse again to the boats, for the use of which I would here thank Dr. Brandreth, especially in behalf of the ladies, who found great relief from them after walking four miles.

We reached Albany Mountain at five, without any accident or incident worthy of note. The Captain, with Higby, immediately went to examine the broken wagon, which lay about three miles further on, and returned with rather long faces, being doubtful whether it could be repaired so as to be strong enough to carry the ladies or even the baggage. This news, however, did not dishearten our fair companions in adventures, although much fatigued by their walk of twelve miles, and nine miles' boating.

25th. — Broke up camp at seven. On reaching the wagon, found that Higby (who had been to work at it since sun-rise) had succeeded in making it stronger than ever, and that too, without a nail, screw, or rope, using in their stead wooden pins and withes of birch.

Our troubles did not end here, for we had a balky horse, who would either not go at all, or else with such a rush as to stave every thing to pieces over the rocks and gulleys which constituted our road. The ladies soon found it was less fatiguing to walk, so they accomplished the remainder of the distance to Stillwater on foot, regaling themselves with raspberries which lined the road in great abundance.

We here made a halt of two hours to dine and bait the horses. All started again to walk, the Captain ordering me to remain behind to bring on the baggage, as it required the greatest care and skill to keep our unruly team from dashing the wagon to pieces. The teamster walked behind to pick up the articles that were constantly thrown off by the violent jerks and succussions, which frequently came near plunging me headlong into the bushes.

I had proceeded in this way about three miles, when I met Puffer

running toward me with the tidings that Onkahye had fainted and was lying in the road about a half-mile ahead.

On reaching the spot I found the Major bathing her temples with water, which in a few minutes brought her to.

After administering a few drops of the only medicine we took with us, (brandy,) she revived sufficiently to be placed in the wagon, and the Major taking a seat alongside of her, we proceeded on; the horses having exhausted somewhat of their fire, were rather more tractable.

About a mile further on we met the other ladies, who reluctantly obeyed the orders of the Captain, to ride; as there was evidence of an approaching storm, it was desirous to get to Fenton's before night-fall. This we accomplished without any other incident, just as the storm commenced.

We were rejoiced here to find some friends who had driven thirty-five miles that day especially to meet us.

After giving satisfactory answers to the multitude of questions with which we deluged them, we sat down to a most sumptuous supper, to which 't is needless to say we did ample justice, as our walk of twenty-two miles had given us somewhat of an appetite.

23d August. — Left Fenton's at eight, in the rain; ladies in the carriage, (which was sent here to meet us,) and the gentlemen in the baggage-wagon.

Had not proceeded three miles before the carriage made a grand 'smash-up,' and was obliged to send one of the hunters back to Fenton's for his farm-wagon.

In about two hours the old gentleman himself made his appearance, with a nice strong *topless* wagon, not quite so comfortable in a pelting rain as if it had been covered.

Leaving Goodale (the driver) to take care of his horses and wreck, we continued on and reached Constableville at eight o'clock that evening without further accident.

Thus ended this famous expedition, to which uncle Robert alluded, and to whom you are indebted for the *ennui* or pleasure derived from its perusal. It was productive not only of a vast deal of enjoyment to all the party, but conduced wonderfully to their health, especially of the ladies, who gained so much in weight as scarcely to be recognized by their friends. With a *resumé* of the game killed, I conclude.

One bear; twenty-four deer; five hundred and forty-three pounds speckled trout, beside a quantity of small game, such as partridges, pigeons, and rabbits.

LINES BY OUR 'THREE-YEAR OLD.'

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN, and he had a LITTLE GUN,
And he shot a LITTLE RABBIT wid it:
And there WAS A BIG MAN, and he had a BIG GUN,
And he shot a BIG ELEPHANT wid it!

E. B. C.

SERGEANT WALLIS' 'GOOD LONG REST.'

BY MEISTER JOHANN.

'SERGEANT WALLIS, an English soldier, who had seen bloody work in the Crimea, and was a survivor of the entry of the Redan, returned in safety to his native land with his war-worn comrades. Entering the camp, he threw down his knapsack, exclaiming: 'Now I am safe in good old England, I shall have a good long rest.' Scarcely were the words uttered ere he fell upon his knapsack dead.'

He had braved Crimean dangers:
 He had entered the Redan;
 Side by side with Britain's bravest,
 Fought her foemen man to man;
 Before the rough, dark Malakoff
 He heard the grape-shot rattle;
 He faced Death's blazing cannon-throat
 In the red heat of battle.
 In the wars of the Crimea,
 At storming of Redan,
 Death forbore to make a victim
 Of the hero in the van.
 Death was busy at the Malakoff,
 He spoke in cannon's rattle,
 But quailed beneath that Sergeant's glance
 In the red hour of battle.

He walked forth among his comrades,
 On his own dear native shore:
 The fair sun of peace had risen,
 And war's tempests all were o'er;
 And down he threw his knapsack then,
 And said with joyous breast:
 'I'm safe in good old England now,
 I'll have a good long rest.'
 There amid his war-scarred comrades,
 On his country's much-loved shore,
 When the storm of war was ended,
 And the grape-shot whizzed no more,
 There he fell upon his knapsack,
 And that man of dauntless breast,
 Never more to leave Old England,
 Found in truth 'a good long rest.'

Death, who shrunk from grappling with him
 In the strange Crimean land,
 Now was proud to do him honor,
 Proud to serve at his demand.
 He desires a lasting furlough,
 Death responds to his behest,
 And safe in his 'good old England,'
 Seals the soldier's 'good long rest.'
 Guard, ye Britons, guard his ashes,
 Plant the laurel o'er his breast:
 Let no hand of friend or foeman
 Ever mar his 'good long rest.'

Newtown, (Ill.,) Sept. 10, 1856.

EPI T A P H I N T H E D E S E R T .

—
 'OUR ONLY CHILD,

'Dear Little Mary,

'FOUR YEARS OLD.'
 —

THAT was the epitaph, cut plain and fair
 On a thin slip of board, and planted deep
 Where a slight mound arose.

The tents were spread
 Of a dense throng, that toward the land of gold
 Toiled like a caravan. And many an eye
 Of those rude campers moistened as it traced
 Those simple words, left by a father's hand,
 Like pearl-drops in the desert.

Full of glee
 Was little MARY, when at first she left
 The spreading elm-trees at her grand-sire's door,
 For childhood loveth change, and leaps to go
 Where'er the parents lead. Well pleased was she
 With the large, gorgeous prairie-flowers to fill
 Basket and pinafore. But day by day
 Long, weary travel wore her, and her cheek
 Lost hue and roundness.

As the evening star
 Week after week looked forth, her drooping heart
 Longed for the nursery and the downy bed —
 To whose white pillow Sleep so sweetly came,
 Wooed by the mother's hymn. When stern Disease
 More sorely smote, her mind went wandering back
 To its far home, and simple rural joys.
 The merry kitten that with her would play
 At hide-and-seek, amid the mantling vines;
 The sparkling water in its rock-bound fount,
 Where she might freely drink; her own fair bush
 Of berries in the garden; each of these
 Murmuring she named, with faint and wildering words.
 — 'Mother! the cow's come home!' and eager reached
 Her little cup for the fresh draught of milk.
 Alas! poor mother! oftentimes will she weep
 Wild, gushing tears, at that remembered face,
 So pale and wishful.

When, for the last time,
 Her arms around that tiny form were wrapped,
 Shuddering she heard that cold lip say:

'Good night!
 The candle's out! Put me to bed!
 — Yes, yes. And thy good morning shall be spoke
 By sweet-voiced angels that shall bear thee home
 To the Divine REDEEMER.

Innocent lamb!
 'T were better for thy parents to have kept
 Thee in their bosom, and forsworn the gold
 Of Californian mines.

Thought they not so,
 As slowly toward that stranger clime they fared,
 Bearing the grief-load?

L. H. S.

Hartford, (Conn.) Oct. 1, 1856.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIGGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART TWELVE.

'Ho for Kansas!' These bloody skirmishes, the winged words of telegraphic report ever and anon tell of, frequently recall to my mind the events of a visit I once made to the battle-field of Lexington. In the month of May, 1843, I walked from Cambridge and stood on the 'battle-ground' that had so often filled the vision of my childhood. I now recall the uneasy feeling that overcame me as I tried in vain to grasp and realize the astounding fact that my feet trod this soil so fearfully consecrated to liberty. There was a plain green sward, and over it hung a wide-spreading tree. The wind was soft, the sky over head was calm and blue. The country around and about, the fences, fields, trees, houses, looked old and not too carefully looked after. There was nothing to distinguish the spot from many other road-side places. Yet it would be hard to find a man with 'soul so dead' as to stand here unconcerned. I was not unmoved. 'Could I embody and unbosom now' the vague half-mental half-physical sensations that crept and wandered through myself at that moment, I should be glad to do it. Their evanescent shadows eluded my grasp, but a reverential awe, solemn, dumb, and inarticulate, prevailed.

I encountered upon the battle-ground an aged man named Harrington. He was, I believe, the sole surviving living spectator of the battle. He was then a lad some fourteen years of age, and was an eye-witness of the whole affair from beginning to end. He told me in a frank and simple manner all he saw, for he was too young to have participated in the event. 'Some forty or fifty men,' said he, 'had assembled in the morning, long before the break of day, in anticipation of the approach of the British troops, for martial law had already been understood to be declared, and a body of men were expected to march that day toward Lexington and Concord, to get possession of stores supposed to be there. After waiting a long time without any signs of their appearance, some of the Americans dispersed and went to their homes, while others remained upon the ground.

'About sun-rise the 'red-coats' came up the road and formed in a line, a few rods distant, opposite the sturdy little band of Lexingtonians. Major Pitcairn rode up and gave his men the command to 'fire.' The British soldiers, believing themselves not quite degraded to the character of butchers, stirred not a muscle. It was an awful pause. The hand of brother was raised against brother, but no blood had been spilled. The red sun was just rising to set upon the mutual wrath of many who were yet bound together by strongest bonds of peace and good-will. The sky was as calm and the grass as green as now, and it was hard to con-

ceive how many, many years of regret must pass away, how many prayers must arise to heaven from the good and great, before the little blood now about to gush forth at the call of patriotism and liberty, should be dried up and forgotten. It was an awful pause.

‘‘Damn you,’’ cried Pitcairn in a towering rage; ‘why don’t you fire?’ Upon this further suggestion, the British soldiers discharged their guns over the heads of the Americans. Pitcairn was now almost beside himself with passion. ‘Hell!’ he shouted. ‘Shoot the damned rebels!’ At this, his soldiers levelled their pieces and fired upon the little band of volunteers. Many returned the fire. Some fell dead upon the spot, and some fled, while others remained standing their ground and returning the fire again and again, until, under the descending shower of balls, their brains bespattered the ground. This was the first blood shed in the war of the American Revolution. Ah!’ said Harrington, ‘it was but a little blood spilled upon that ground, and the earth greedily withdrew it from the sight; but there went up from it an incense that reached even to the throne of God. That God who said, ‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay,’ granted beyond the capacity of their wishes, the dying prayer of the brave spirits who fell before my eyes in that merciless massacre.’ The old man’s lips quivered as he spake these impassioned words, and it was a marvellous thing to see how this terrible event had taken hold of his youthful mind, and clung to it as a poisoned garment through the torrid heats of manhood, and the wintry snows of age. Pray Heaven may ever avert the spilling of fratricidal blood upon American soil again!

PART THIRTEEN.

WE have a ‘*philosopher*’ who rides in our cars. He generally rides in those hours when we have few passengers, and he has found in me so profound a listener, I believe he selects my car for that. I dare not offend him by calling his name in public, for he has a shyness that tells me nothing could mortify him more. I shall call him Pembroke. He is certainly a thoughtful-looking man, and much of his talk sounds so strangely in this Babel-like city, (where there is such confusion of tongues, and all about ‘money,’) that I must be pardoned for thinking his ‘wise saws’ are good sense. He is a man of at least forty-five years of age. He is of a dark, saturnine complexion, prone to melancholy, I guess, and to fits of abstraction I cannot fail to see. His dress is of sombre hue, with little diversity of color, yet he is always neatly attired, and evidently very careful of his person. His carriage is not erect enough to indicate bold, manly firmness, and I judge there is a cautious, shrinking timidity at the bottom. He must be something of a scholar, or reader, at least if I may judge from the allusions and illustrations he uses, many of which I am not able to understand or appreciate. He has a winning smile when he chooses to put it on, which, to tell the truth, is not as often as I, for one, should wish. Whether he has any occupation, I am at a loss to conjecture. His control of his own time would seem to indicate he had not. Yet he seems not to be a man without a purpose of some sort. I will say no more of the man, for I have said all I know, beyond his conversation, which is never concerning himself, except his own thoughts.

In these days of 'Ana' and 'Table-talk,' I have fancied some of the 'good things' of our philosopher might not be wholly worthless to a public of not very discriminating appetite. If he were a *wit* withal, I should trust his 'sayings' to the dangers of type with more confidence, but I cannot claim that for him, although he certainly has valid claims to some *humor*. He often talks with seeming precision and profundity of the wit of others, and doubtless understands all about it, if he cannot attain to it himself. I do n't think he will thank me for my apologetic introduction of him, ('damning with faint praise,' I fear,) for, like most solitary thinkers (as I fancy him) he does not by any means lack self-conceit. But I'll venture now to let him speak for himself.

'PREJUDICES. — Prejudices are the anchors of weak minds. Let no one rashly tell the weak man to 'think for himself.' It is far better he should take the chance of adopting received opinions. Entangled in the web of his own sophistry he may speculate himself into a wide sea of doubts and be a

'WANDERER o'er eternity
Whose bark drives on and on and ne'er shall anchored be.'

'PROFANITY. — The vulgar profanity and obscenity that breaks over the lips of careless men as an ebullition of passion seems scarcely to admit of classification in the nomenclature of language. It cannot be properly classed among interjections or exclamations. The words uttered have intrinsically a fixed meaning, but utterly foreign oftentimes from the use to which they are applied. They seem to grow up in the mind (or rather in the mouth) upon the instant, spontaneously, as if thrown up by hot blood, just as a mushroom or toad-stool is shot up, nobody knows how or when, in the dark soil of a rich meadow. They are in truth not strictly words or language, but a species, so to speak, of *verbal fungus*, coming we know not whence, and growing up we know not how, and going we know not whither.'

'DISSIPATION. — Dissipation speedily makes a mean man look prematurely old. It is a deadly foe indeed to the noblest countenance, but I have observed that it works miracles of distortion in a mean face.'

'WIT, HUMOR, AND PUNS. — WIT, not as a faculty, but as a production of the mind, is a sudden association of *ideas* in a natural manner, but in unusual and striking *relations*, so as to produce surprise, joined with pleasure or pain, and tending to excite mirth or anger. HUMOR, not as a faculty, but as a production of the mind, is a sudden association of *images* in an unusual and striking *manner*, so as to produce pleasure, and tending to excite mirth. A PUN is a sudden association of *words* in an unnatural *manner* and in unusual and striking *relations*, (partaking of the nature of both wit and humor,) so as to produce surprise, joined with pleasure or pain, and tending to excite mirth or anger.'

There is an *inkling* of 'quality' of our 'table-talk.' Our philosopher seems to think that I thoroughly appreciate him, inasmuch as I listen attentively (except when my routine of duties interrupts) and never dissent. I sometimes, however, catch myself fancying he uses me as a sounding-board to try his ideas upon. Be that as it may, I shall give them to the world as well as I can recollect them, and have yet some variety in store if my readers care to hear them, by-and-by.

S T A N Z A S : A R T .

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM: BY AMOS DANN.

I.

In the glimpses of morning a messenger came,
 The envoy of Nature, all eager for fame;
 He dealt in the beautiful, taught of the true,
 And the soul of perfection unfolded to view.

II.

He toys with the light and the lustre that glows
 In the bloom of the stars — in the blush of the rose.
 He dwells in the dream when the shadows go by,
 In the sighs of the heart — in the tears of the eye.

III.

When the meadow comes out in the greenness of spring,
 And the bird fans the air with his newly-stretched wing,
 He lifts the sweet flower, and bids it to vie
 With the hues that embellish and brighten the sky.

IV.

From the mind's dark recesses he summoned at will,
 That stranger, conception, the serf of his skill;
 The raw and repulsive, that promised no good,
 He invoked, and the graces in symmetry stood.

V.

His thought was a deity, and could impart,
 To canvas emotion, pulsation and heart;
 He spake, and wild herds peopled hillock and lawn;
 He smiled, and bright garments the mountain put on.

VI.

And still a new wonder! the sculptor's loud tones
 Calls demigods up into richly-wrought thrones;
 From the breast of PENTELICUS bursting gods break,
 And majesty they — beauty goddesses take.

VII.

Along the entablature, pediment, arch,
 Goes genius exulting — his paragons march;
 The fair and the lovely, encircled with charms!
 The strong and heroic, arrayed in their arms!

VIII.

A wider escape from law's vigorous sway,
 The Poet's foot wanders by night and by day;
 He goes in the garb of strange fantasy drest,
 Truth flashing her beams like an orb from his breast.

IX.

In the days of the muses, that sisterhood knew
 Where his altars were spread, and his minstrelsy grew;
 He rained on old Hellas heroic fire,
 And taught the young Trojan to out-match the sire.

X.

Creation! Invention! oh! how he will sketch
The light of the happy — the hell of the wretch!
How lovely is morn when he kindles the hills!
How hateful is night when he blackens the dells!

XI.

The lord of the scene where, terrific and wild,
The earthquake is spread, and the avalanche piled!
Alike when the hurricane tramples the wood,
Or Arctic winds rouse up the ocean's cold flood!

XII.

He passes the visible — treads the unseen —
Through pathless recesses his searches have been;
On the waste where the wolf and the wild panther scream,
On a cold wintry night, he will linger and dream.

XIII.

He gives no soft hours to ease or to rest,
With plans undeveloped his nights are possessed;
The dark and perplexed that the lazy forego,
He scans as if sun-beam, and pierces them through.

XIV.

In the atoms we tread on we see him behold
What his genius transmutes into genuine gold;
Thoughts sparkling like diamonds, brilliant and new,
From themes the most common and trite he will hew:

XV.

Bestows on the shapeless both comeliness, form;
He breathes on decay, and her wan features warm;
In the woof of his stanza the wizard is wound,
In his airy creations new wonders are found.

XVI.

The haunts known to none but his mystical crew,
He treads like a fairy, and beckons to you;
The long-buried legend he gives to your gaze,
And the grave of old Romance he tears from its haze.

XVII.

The intellect shattered, and drifting aside,
The sport of mischance or a treacherous tide,
May find itself anchored in safety again,
In a haven of peace, in his sensible strain.

XVIII.

The maiden grown restless, by sleeplessness torn,
The prey of a passion, and looking forlorn,
May find in the lyre a consoler, a balm
That shall reach her sweet wounds, and her bosom shall calm.

XIX.

From the dawning of morn till the evening-shades grow,
To the heights that swell grandly from valleys below,
Her peace shall be like the fair river at rest,
When the sunny hills glow on its fathomless breast.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER TEN.

CONTAINING A FEW MOVES IN THE CHECKER-BOARD CITY.

THIS is a great country, and New-York is a great village, and it would be hard to make your uncle Mace Sloper believe that there's much discount on either. I know that the world's a pretty sizeable orange, or to give the shape more correctly, 'some pumpkins,' since, as they say of the cause which loses at an election, it's flattened out at the *polls*. But I do n't believe that in all the world such instances can be found of people who are like what you may call three or four rolled into one, as in the United States.

Mr. Doolittle was one of this sort, though he went no further than being a Yankee amongst folks of his own stripe, and a New-Yorker among the Gothamites. Felicien Boutard was a more complicated specimen, and I am sorry to hear that some folks do n't believe in him, being as they've never seen the like, which is a very poor rule, and don't work no ways. *Seen!* LORD bless your soul! you've seen five hundred as queer fish here in these very United States; yes, and spoke to them, too: and I'll bet a new hat, you never noticed the first speck of the fancy-colored mosses which grew on the rough rocks of their souls. But get to writing about them, and you'll find the *queer* speerooting out of their talk and minds like molasses out of a hog'shead-bung of a hot day.

Talk of Injuns! There's a good many people who've read Injun novels and books of the Far West, and who've seen 'serraps,' likewise, a-hanging round groceries, piling on the steam pretty considerable tall, with a dime's worth of tom-a-whack whiskey, and have, maybe, struck a tent-full of three squaws, one of them good-looking, and all trying to stick him with bead-work, huckleberry-baskets, and other delicacies. But such an Injun as Okonemathla Penny, you never noticed. Well, to my certain knowledge, when Okonemathla Penny stopped at our house there were at least four hundred folks saw him, and of the whole lot, there were n't three who cared any more about him than to take a glance and say: 'H'm Injun!' But if there ever was a character, it was that same heathen savage.

Mr. Penny sat next to me at dinner one day, and I must say, that beyond his being of a dry-boiled-pumpkin-shaded-coppery-red-tan-color, I did n't observe any thing unusual in his appearance. He was dressed in plain black clothes, called for cayenne-pepper, and behaved, in all respects, like a Christian. I got to talking with him, and found out that he was bobbing around on an inspectivorous tour of observation, which, like a great many American journeys, for health and mental improvement, meant planting dimes in the hope of reaping dollars.

Mr. Penny had the care of the money and finances of his tribe, and either for their good or his own, concluded that it would be safer if partly invested somewhere in the East, where, I suppose, he intended retiring finally to educate his daughter Josephine, who had never mixed with the tribe, but who had been civilized in New-Orleans, and wore hoops which would have scared a Sioux, and who shut down on every thing that was n't aristocratic.

I went about considerable with Penny, and was struck with his general 'cuteness at a bargain, and the corulative way he had of squinting round at the bearings of a thing before he closed on it. (I may mention, by the way, that he purchased of me a small lot of 'Wamsquatequa,' now the best stock in the market, and a little 'Yonkville,' also an admirable investment, of which, as but very little is to be had, those desiring should apply early). Not being naturally one of the 'cute sort myself, I thought all the more of an Injun who was. Hiram, in fact, thought considerably of him, and even composed some poetry on him, which, as it was original, was not so bad. It began with :

'Lo the poor Ingine, whose riproarious mind,
Is up to Wall-street tricks of every kind.'

Well, Penny looked around, picked up two or three good investments, inquired about sending his daughter Josephine to Spinster Institute, Mme. Chegarray's and other feminological seminominaries, bought himself a top-coat, a Tribune almanac, and a box of 'Operas,' and finally went off one fine morning in the Ferry-boat and Camden Amboy cars, manifesting his civilization to the last, by holding as he went a temperance tract in one hand, and a free ticket in the other, each of which he alternately jerked at the conductor with the words : 'Me dead-head ; Injun no pay ; *poco mas arriba !*'

It was a long time before I found out what Penny had been before he had sowed his wild oats and taken down the raising bush. I must say that I had a mighty small notion while we were percooting round town together, talking business, investing the 'ochre,' or maybe piling on a mild jag of 'Mum's, that my tan-colored friend had once been a devil incarnate on the war-path, that he had shot and speared his enemies by wholesale ; that he had dried scalps by the score in his lodge, stolen horses, kicked up thunder, and permitted miscellaneous things to rip generally, until one of those queer turns in life, which will happen sometimes, even to a savage, had set him to trading, financiering, and civilizing promiscuously. There he was, with the recollection of more heathen deviltry, murder, and horse-stealing on his mind, than would have set up seventeen dozen novel-writers, dining at a Christian hotel-table, buying Wamsquatequa shares at the lowest possible rates, and going round town with his hands in his pockets as calm as a pumpkin !

There are a good many folks of this kind, who, if you could find 'em out, are several in one, like the fellow I once saw riding in a circus, and who every round or two would whap off a suit in a second and come out all revived, changing from an old nigger to a young angel and then transmogrifying into a Greek or a fireman. And I thought

of this when Gurney Grayberry and his son Ellis called on Mrs. Twiggles in her parlor at La Pierre House, Philadelphia.

Gurney Grayberry was a Quaker of a very pleasant stripe, and not exactly by any means one of the crank stage properties called Ephraim, which are regularly served up to be laughed at in minor theatres and sixpenny song-books. It was easy to see that he had considerable music in him, and the sharp, snap-look he gave every body, in which he seemed to do up the greatest possible amount of observation in the shortest possible extent of time, showed with all the perceptibility of mud that any body who shot *him* would n't be indicted for killing a fool, whatever might happen. He was short and lively in his motions, dark in his Quaker clothes, neat all over and very noticing in his ways.

Ellis Grayberry was very well made, rather tall, dressed in the height of quiet fashion, had an immense black mustache, which he occasionally smoothed down with the head of a very French-looking cane, being as it was the white ivory carving of a woman's arm with a gold bracelet on just above the wrist. Ellis had lived about fourteen years around Europe, and had just returned from a prolonged batter in Paris, in consequence of which he looked rather sleepy round the eyes. Mrs. Twiggles whispered to me on the sly before I saw him, that Cousin Ellis was a 'gay' Quaker — if she had said *fast* it might have done — but a more *blasay* specimen of gayety never appeared to the optics of MACE SLOPER. But the old man was gay as a hot bun.

'We are very glad to see thee, Amelia,' says the old man; 'and if thee *won't* come and stay at our house, and as thee *says* thee won't, why of course thee *can't*. But thee must come and dine with us often, and ride out with us every day, and let us see thee a great deal; and do n't thee say no till thee has thought it well over, for we would be sorry; and when we get such pretty relations as thou art, in town, we are in no haste to lose them.' Saying this, Grayberry Senior turned to salute Mrs. Boutard who was just coming, and bowed and darted round her like a polite old fly over a dob of honey.

'Pon my soul, the old gentleman's expressed a fact, cousin Amélie,' exclaimed Grayberry Junior, as if amazed at his governor's genius. '*Touchée au blanc*, rung the bell of my own opinions with the bullet of his well-aimed remarks. Am not poetical myself, leave all that sort of thing to *notre père* — if I were, would get up a grand ode, fireworks in faint imitation of your glances, and so on, to celebrate your arrival and invite you to peaches and cream round at the *chateau* Grayberry in Arch-street.'

'I declare, Cousin Ellis, you have n't changed a bit,' exclaimed Mrs. Twiggles.

'Changed a BIT! — course I have n't here in Philadelphia — if I had, should have got two fips for it, and been same old sixpence after all.'

'But cousin Ellis, you've been such a traveller all over the world, and lived in Paris and everywhere —'

'Do n't call it travel nowadays; iron-horse eats up space like oats; grand tours just like game of checkers; leap from town to town; sometimes jump a city or two without stopping to examine, just as you New-Yorkers rush through Philadelphia by night — Owl-Line, you

know — without honoring it with a look. Too bad, really : when I think of the bright eyes and uncommonly neat figures, that are whisked through the city without my getting a look, really feel as if I would like to take a pick-axe, dig up the track, and when the cars come along with the belles, call for a sight. *Would* do it, if it was n't for the dividends.'

'But, cousin Ellis, do you never visit New-York yourself?'

'Oh! yes; go over the road sometimes to get breakfast at Delmonico's, whenever there's any body in town there to breakfast with. Go there sometimes to make calls — parties — opera in winter — and buy things at Tiffany's. Very useful place, New-York.'

Here a new idea suddenly seemed to dawn on Grayberry Junior, and turning suddenly to his parent he exclaimed, in such a changed tone that you'd have thought some other man was speaking :

'Poppy, does *thee* ever go to New-York?'

'Nay, Ellis, *thee* knows I never go.'

'But *why* don't *thee* go? *Thee* ought to. *Thee*'d be such an original there. Why, *thee*'d run for a whole season. Not but what *thee* could do much better though in Paris.'

And the exquisite idea of his bringing his governor out as a lion, fairly seemed to knock Ellis from time, and he lolled back on the sofa and plunged the little woman's arm up to the elbow in his great mustache, and was silent, evidently travelling in his own mind over an extensive crop of rich incidents and hard-baked sells, which would form the net profits of such an investment. And returning to the charge with a sort of pertinacity which I reckoned was natural to him, he said :

'But, Poppy, *thee ought* to go, now — it would improve *thee* so.'

'But, Ellis, my son, I can't see that it has ever improved *thee* any; and I hardly think that the old tree would flourish where the tender sapling has grown stumpy.'

'*L'arbre vert* — LAFONTAINE,' murmured Ellis, not at all moved, and rather pleased at waking his governor up. 'Cousin — ah! Amélie, when I next ride out to New-York, I'll — ah — do myself the honor of discovering you. Think we've met before. Sir,' said he suddenly, but very amiably, to me. And I may as well say, by the way, that Ellis had a very pleasant manner of speaking to strangers, and with all his ways was as really a gentleman as you ever knew.

'Saratoga? Mr. Grayberry?' I replied.

'Yes; but that is n't anywhere, though, you know: every body goes there. Oh! yes; do n't you remember — supper at Léonie's — changed hats once at Niblo's — saw a man try to stick you with a bad bill once at Harlem, (he could n't do it, though,) — Century-Club one night when Thackeray was there — dinner at the Brevoort with — let me see — Twine — demed smart chap — invited us — Wall-street many a time.'

Before Ellis had got half-way, I was amazed at his memory. I found out afterward that he actually never forgot any thing or any body. Under all the brushwood, leaves, and fancy flowers of his outside style, there was running a pretty deep stream.

'Well, Amelia,' remarked the old gentleman, 'now that *thee*'s here, we shall show *thee* all the curiosities. First, there's Fairmount —'

'Yes,' murmured Ellis, 'Belmont in French — got one of 'em in New-York — bought bills of him — nine per cent. Bills come from this one, too — bill for water-rates. Poppy forgot to pay the last one; let it slide — got advertised in all the papers and at the corners 'defaulting debtor' — did n't thee, Pop? Paid about five thousand dollars taxes and then had the hydrant turned on thee head after all?'

'Then, Amelia,' said Grayberry Senior, 'thee must go to Girard College.'

'Yes,' quoth Ellis, with his unchanging voice and serious look, 'stupendous infant-school — disseminate information — like a gigantic newspaper, *North-American* or *Evening Bulletin* in marble; great columns with large capitals at the top — more little boys running round the College now than ever — circulation greatly augmented. Nice place, but Poppy can't go in, though — preaches sometimes in meeting — clergymen not admitted.'

'Well, Ellis, thee preaches all the time, and very dull sermons at that, so that thee may find the door shut in *thee* face some day when they find that thee's not one of the world's people. According to thy views *all* Friends are clergymen, and thee must be a clergyman, too.'

'*Diable n'importe* — but Pop had me there!' said Ellis, who seemed to have an affectionate idea that the great aim of conversation was attained when he had fairly provoked a successful rap from 'Pop.' 'Must travel on my face after this when I want to go through the College — fellows generally have to, to get through any college, you know — got to sink the Quaker — Cousin Amelia —' Here Ellis twisted his mustache down in most elaborate style, displaying in the operation a superb antique cameo on his little-finger, and gave his cravat a final set. 'Cousin Amelia — it's a great pity that you're a worldling — one of the world's people — given up to the pomps and vanities and that sort of thing, you know. Why don't you do like Pop and I, and return to the fold that your ma left, and enter yourself for sobriety, simplicity, India lute-strings, and plain friendly goods generally? 'Pon my soul I believe you'd find it would pay — Poppy does — do n't thee, Pop?' he inquired of the old gentleman.

'That depends very much whether thee *attends* to the business, Ellis, my son,' answered Grayberry Senior. 'When thee *do n't*, it pays middling well.'

And with this the two gentlemen bade adieu: Ellis evidently immensely delighted at the parting correction he received. Before leaving he privately assured me that so far as the town went, he'd put me through it from Vermouth to *chasse-café* — and a cigar after. 'It is n't lively, Sloper,' said he, 'but it's very nourishing. We're quite peaceable here, but we an't dead yet, for all that.'

As the door closed I turned to the widow and asked: 'Are they a fair sample?' But Mrs. Boutard jumped up to answer, for she had an odd way of always jumping up when among her intimate friends, whenever she spoke. Even when seated she insensibly raised herself when talking, and she could hardly think without throwing her head back. And as she was a pretty and graceful woman, it was n't unbecoming. But her pretty circular face, and bob-cherry mouth, and round,

flashing eyes, and Betsy Button figure, worked in so queer, with all this commanding way, that one never knew whether to laugh or cave in to dignity, when she thus arose and went forth. And it may be made a note of that there are a great many ladies in the United States who, owing partly to the fact that they have lived a great deal among niggers, and Injuns, and married men, and beaux, who have a great deal of difference and respect for the fair sect, have picked up an amount of domineering dignity, which in Europe would set up three queens and a half-a-dozen duchesses very comfortably in trade. And as it is perfectly natural, it's all right.

'Yes, Mr. Mace Sloper,' said she, 'they are not an unfair sample of Quakers, for I was partly brought up among Friends myself, and know them. You had no idea that they could be so lively! Oh! if *you* had seen the fun that I've seen when a girl at school in this city; *the* sleigh-rides, *the* little parties, *the* tea-fights, *the* walks in Washington-square, *the* nice rides to Wissahiccon in the dear plain old Quaker carriages, *the* elegant little pound-cakes of Mrs. Widdifield. Oh! I *do* love the Quakers so! and I just tell Felicien sometimes that I wish he had been me; and oh! *such* times as we used to have at cousin Grayberry's at yearly meeting when all the house was full as a frontier town in Indian war-time. I have been at both.' And here Mrs. Boutard sat down and cried, apparently overpowered by conflicting memories of Indian fighting and Quaker meetings. She was a great character, that same Mrs. Boutard, but even her mighty soul had to knock under to such an awful contrast of recollections as was involved in the comparison of scalping and tea-parties.

But she had scarcely settled down before new visitors were announced and in due time summoned. These were three ladies, one elderly and two young, all dressed, as a New-York lady might say, rather quiet, but in a way which no living woman could pick a flaw in. And, by the way, it's rather a point in Philadelphia that whatever you may think fit on the whole, it's the hardest place in existence to find any thing in that is n't done up shipe-shape and O. K. And if you do conceit that you've discovered something of the sort, the natives will soon argue you down flat on it. I was once walking and talking with a Philadelphia editor, who was expatriating on the purifirous tendencies of his fellow-citizens to keep the streets clean. 'In fact,' says he, 'our people are so fond of cleanliness that they even break the law in their zeal to wash the pavements.'

'Well,' says I, 'you must admit then that we're much more orderly in New-York, for if we have such a law, I'm tolerably certain it an't broke — much! But how do *your* folks do up the illegal hydropavement jobs?'

'Why,' says he, 'Mr. Sloper, it's against the law here to wash pavements after eight o'clock in the morning, or before eight P.M. But the good housewives, not satisfied with a good scouring-down in legal hours, can't resist the temptation and have to do a little extra swashing out of regular time. In fact, Sir, every thing here is done up perfect of its kind and may-be a touch over.'

While we were talking so, we came to a lot on which we saw, and otherwise observed, a dead horse. I stopped.

'Colonel,' says I, 'if you've got every thing here so perfect, what do you think of that bit of perfumery?'

'Why,' says he, coming up to time in a second, 'I do de-clare! I believe it's a *dead horse*!' It's the first I ever saw in my life.'

'Well, but,' says I, sticking to the text, 'where *does* the perfection come in here?'

'Easy enough,' he answered; 'the horse's dead, an't he?'

'Exactly so.'

'And did you ever see a deader horse? Do you believe that there ever was a deader one?'

'No — never.'

'Well then, he must be the deadeast horse going, and they've put him here for a *superlative specimen of equine mortality*.'

I paid the champagne that time, and never undertook after that to argue with a Philadelphian.

The elderly lady, Mrs. Dyeton, was one of that sort who might have passed, as I once heard Hiram say, for a Madonna just growing old. But the others — her daughters — were not troubled with that complaint. Without being beauties, they were wonderfully 'taking,' and a strong illustration of the superiority of interestingness and style to the greatest given amount of mere 'pretty.' And I might as well say, by the way, that a young gentleman came with them, but the 'muslin' always puts every thing else out of Mace Sloper's head. And he was also very neatly got up, and performed without difficulty the feat of sitting down on the spider-leg-gest-looking chair I ever saw, with as much ease as if it had been one of the big, stuffed, easy, leather-covered affairs in the Astor parlor.

'Such a delightful time as we had at Sharon, two summers ago, in your company, Mrs. Twiggles!' remarked Mary Dyeton.

'Yes, the time passed there was all pastime,' interpolated the young man.

'For shame, Dick; our cousin has passed most of his life in Philadelphia,' she quickly added by way of explanation. Amelia had lived a good deal in Philadelphia before, and to her it seemed quite satisfactory.

'And we are so delighted to see you again here in Philadelphia!' cried Hennie Dyeton, her sister, who was younger and more irregular in her sentences; 'you *can't* think.'

'Yes she can, Hen,' exclaimed the cousin, looking at his glove; 'quite a brilliant mind, I assure you.'

'For shame, Dick. It seems to me now as if it were only yesterday that we were at Sharon, sitting at the dinner-table, our parties *vis à vis* in two rows —'

'The *rose* of Sharon,' murmured Richard.

'For shame, Dick; and now that you *are* here —'

'You certainly must make our house your home,' added Mrs. Dyeton. 'We have hoped for a visit from you —'

'Yes, be our 'Family Visitor,' 'appealed Richard. 'We have got one, but it is n't *read*, it wants the charming glow of Mrs. Twig ——'

'For shame, Dick. But say you'll come — do say so! ——'

'Deuce ace, oh!' repeated Dick; 'that ought to take the queen.'

'For shame, Dick. But will you come?'

The offer was declined, as Amelia proposed returning before long to New-York. But while she remained in Philadelphia she was constantly called on, driven out, tea-partied, and conveyed around promiscuously not only by the Grayberrys and Dyetons, but by all their friends and by all the Philadelphians who had ever been friends of Amelia. And the whole course of this attention came so easily and naturally that I am half afraid that Amelia was often hardly conscious of an obligation. That's why Philadelphia people are said to lack warmth. The fact is, they do n't blow enough; they do their little politenesses too easy. I once knew an old darkey who was very charitable and who never passed 'pore pussons,' white or black, without giving them a penny. But he never handed over the copper until he had thrown it about fifty feet high, and this done with a loud yell, he used to catch it again and hand it over to 'de objic,' with the remark, 'take dis, my Crestian friend.' Hiram once asked him if he could n't do as much without going through such a course of gyratics.

'Mars Twine,' says he, 'wheneber I gibs any thing I like to 'tract 'tention to my 'stonishing lubberality.'

And after all, Mace Sloper is such an abandoned sinner as to like the New-York way of showin' up de 'stonishing lubberality. Rattledy — bang, hoop hurrah! 'Sloper my boy, just be round at my house this day week and I'll show you the hospitalities till you're ready for the hospital. Hard up, did you say? out of brads? nothin' over? want four or five thousand — hey? 'Course I'll let you have it and not charge you one per cent a minute either. There's nothing small about ME, Sloper, my rose-bud — hey? You do n't see *my* name down in the Stingy Directory? No *Sir-ree!* Hurrah, boys, let's drink to Sloper's luck — it's my treat — here goes to liberal fellows' and true-hearted friends!'

Amelia Twiggles generally took attentions from old friends pretty easy, because she was used to them, and because it was so natural to her to be kind herself that they did n't seem out of the way. But there was one glorious brick among us who never in her life had let the least kind word or compliment, (if so be it came from the heart,) or even pleasant look, slide, without feeling her heart go bumpty-bump, and this was Mrs. Boutard. The grand little trump, with her round eyes and little round chin, and puckered mouth, and jet-black shiny hair, with a straight line of light on the side next to the window, and her clear, pure olive complexion, how she would bounce up-right, and twitch off her glove, and go to preaching, when some body or something would touch up some old-time recollection of some body's kindness. She never had a home, she said, till she got married — one must always live among strangers to feel kindness.

A queer notion has just come into Mace Sloper's head, before he con.

cludes this chapter. When he begun it he meant to have filled it all pretty much with one subject — Mrs. Dyeton and her daughters. They struck Mace more than any thing or any body he had noted down, and after all he has let 'em slide out like mere side-figures. And yet I never shut my eyes and think of Philadelphia without seeing Mary and Hennie, and mother — most of Mary, however — she all but troubles me sometimes — do n't know why — glad I do n't.

There's nothing I like better than the smell of roses, or the taste of Seckel pears. They form an immense item in the sum total of the things I've enjoyed in life. But I should make a poor hand of it — not being one of your 'cute sort — if I should try to give an idea by writing *how* it is that I enjoy them. And it is something the same way with some of the nicest people — or with all the very nicest — that I've ever known. Amelia herself has n't come out much of a character as yet in these Observations — and she the cap-sheaf of every body. Worst of all, I can't remember any speeches of the Dyetons worth making a note of ; or any thing remarkable they ever did. They must pass away with the smell of roses, and the flavor of pears ; and the singing in the little meeting-house where Mace heard it when a boy, and people can never learn from print what they were like, unless Brother Shelton should meet them and describe them with some of his own delicate shades in a River sketch, or unless Mr. Boker will bring them into a play, which, as he lives in the same town, he will have a chance to do. But for Mace Sloper, they are beyond him — far down in the sun-set — lumps of sugar lost in wine.

R E G R E T S .

FALL, fall, O autumn rain ! so cold and chilling,
 Upon the dying leaves, your gorgeous bed,
 At the appointed time your work fulfilling ;
 But what can it avail these tears I shed ?

Upon the dead and withered leaves your fingers
 Work speedy desolation and decay ;
 Yet in the earth the life of beauty lingers,
 And springs with glorious promise to the day.

But for these flowing tears of bitter sorrow,
 Shed o'er dead hopes and dreams now mine no more,
 What promise do they bring me for the morrow ?
 What dream of beauty shall their fall restore ?

Alas ! for such a hope in vain we languish ;
 Our brightest buds of love and joy depart :
 And all our tears of pain, remorse, and anguish
 Can bring no second summer to the heart.

M. L. R.

V O Y A G E O F L I F E : M A N H O O D .

WRITTEN ON SEEING 'COLE'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.'

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

I.

WRECKED upon life's rapid river,
Cloud and storm around thy way,
Thou art gazing through the darkness
To the light of perfect day.
'T is the star of Faith that guides thee
To that only saving POWER,
For no mortal arm can aid thee
In this dark and fearful hour.

II.

While the billows surge around thee
Doth the light of hope grow dim?
As thou near'st that dread hereafter
Fainter grows thy trust in HIM?
Nay, thy gaze is turned to Heaven,
In this hour of fear and strife,
And thy faith in HIM will save thee
On thy troubled path of life.

III.

Thou art near that peaceful ocean,
Where the dangers all will cease,
Soon the angels will enfold thee,
And HIS voice shall whisper 'peace.'
Even now thou hear'st the murmur
Of HIS footsteps on the wave,
He hath trod life's way before thee,
And HIS arm will surely save.

IV.

Voyager on life's troubled ocean,
Is thy frail bark tempest-tost?
Brother! has thy guardian spirit
Left thee to be wrecked and lost?
Do temptations dark surround thee?
Hath thy star of hope grown dim?
Bless thy God, who sends thee sorrow
But to win thy heart to HIM.

V.

Though thy manhood brings no gladness,
As thou dreamed in early years;
And the golden veil is lifted
From thy path of sin and fears,
Still that unseen hand doth guide
O'er life's storm-enshrouded deep:
O'er thy wanderings in the darkness,
Loving hearts their vigils keep.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

A MEMORIAL OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN W. FRANCIS, JR. In one volume :
pp. 145. NEW-YORK: 1856.

'He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.'

A PRIVATELY-printed memorial of family affection is a book which does not challenge criticism ; yet, if we were to look upon the present volume, testing it by the application of the law which should govern its production — since every work must have its own law — it would be found amply to meet the requisition. A memorial volume should be true to fact and to sentiment ; and both have been preserved in the present instance. Mere eulogy may gratify friends whose memory gives body to the thought, but to justify the emotion to strangers, to give vitality to the record for the future, the personal, individual example must be presented. The memoir of this volume, in which may be recognized the pen of one of our most accomplished authors, an intimate friend of its subject, is every thing which could be desired for an occasion involving much of peculiar interest. The life of that subject wanted nothing to perfect its hold upon the affections of a large circle of friends and relatives, while it promised largely to the world. The tastes, the studies, the principles of a noble youth are here more than indicated. We can vouch for the truthfulness of the sketch. Wide sympathy with a parent whom New-York delights to honor, extends its touching appeal. The pen has also been admirably seconded by the pencil. A likeness, recalled by the ardent affection no less than by the true touch of the artist WENZLER, has been engraved with unusual care as a frontispiece.

JOHN W. FRANCIS, JR., the son of the eminent physician of that name, was born in the city of New-York, and died here at the age of twenty-two, in January of last year. His early education, with every advantage of instruction, a diligent and honored four years at Columbia College, a course of medical study, cut short by a fatal fever, taken in charitable attendance on the poor : these are the few incidents of a brief life, the true history of

which lay in the private, unwritten records of home and the heart. Many are the traits which may be recalled by the friends of this richly-gifted youth; of his habits of study and observation, his powers of memory, his knowledge of languages, his earnestness, his humor, his fine social qualities; but none are more touching to the heart, or satisfactory to a judgment solemnized by the event, than the recollections excited by the following passage:

'If there be such a phase of natural benevolence as the love of affording protection, it was specially developed in his nature. Toward the humble, the poor, the aged, and even toward his parents and mature friends, this beautiful feeling was habitually manifested. He constantly formed plans to have those he loved partake of his future home, claimed from them promises to submit themselves to his care in illness, to apply to him in misfortune, and to share whatever of prosperity he might hereafter enjoy. He believed thoroughly in the ultimate success of those he loved; and recognized, with such heartiness, their aims and abilities, whether artistic, literary, or professional, that more than one baffled aspirant sought him for the encouragement his confident sympathy yielded. 'One of my great regrets in this bereavement,' said one of these friends, is, 'that he whose faith in me was so implicit, who cheered me on when others were indifferent or scornful, and beheld my triumph ere it was achieved, will not witness the result of labors which he, more than any one on earth, gave me the courage to persevere in.' He had many *protégés* out of his own sphere, who only revealed their obligations by grief at his loss. In one institution with which he was temporarily connected, he found a poor drudge, whose self-respect had long been subdued by heartless ridicule: between this harmless victim and his persecutors, he instantly took a firm stand; and, in a few weeks, they were shamed into more manly conduct, and the object of their thoughtless badinage grew cheerful and self-possessed. There was an old lame beggar, who, for years, had daily taken his station in front of the New-York Hospital; so constant was his kindness to this poor fellow, that the mendicant watched regularly for his benefactor, and when he was so far off as not to be recognized by less devoted eyes, took off his hat to welcome 'Master FRANCIS,' as, to the frequent amusement of his companions, he continued to call him, long after his school-days were over.'

'O Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.'

We would not here unfold private sorrow; but alas! there are few such peculiar griefs 'due to a single breast.' Humanity has a common interest and a common fate in them; nor had the biographer to look far among his books for kindred examples in literature, as he writes:

'ELOQUENCE and song, my dear DOCTOR, have made classic in the literature your son so loved, the peculiar sorrow that has fallen on your heart — exhibiting the universality of the grief which seems, at first, quite individual and unparalleled. Years after the event, SOUTHEY alluded to the death of his son, in conversation with an American visitor, who saw 'the heart of the father still rising in half-suppressed sobs, and sometimes overflowing in tears.' 'Had it pleased God to spare him,' said the poet-scholar, 'he would have taken my place in all respects.' The late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH was called to meet a similar bereavement, in the death of his eldest son DOUGLASS, just as he had reached maturity, and gave promise of every excellence, both of heart and mind. 'My son,' writes the good Canon of St. Paul, 'had that quality which is longest remembered by those who remain behind — a deep and earnest affection and respect for his parents.' The most elaborate elegiac poem in modern English verse, celebrates the excellencies and bewails the early departure of HALLAM's gifted son, in terms so exquisite, in images so refined, in the light and shade of a grief so acutely intelligent, as to blend emotion and thought, music and wo, in the most plaintive and permanent artistic beauty. Such a bereavement shrouded in gloom the evening of BURKE's illustrious career; how affecting is the utterance of personal anguish in the midst of the general arguments in defence of his public course! 'The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; and am torn up by the roots and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and, in some degree, submit to it. I live in an inverted order. He who ought to have succeeded me, has gone before me; a son, who excelled in all points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity,

in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. He had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty.'

In the words of the poet alluded to :

'PEACE, come away : the song of wo
Is after all an earthly song :
Peace, come away ; we do him wrong
To sing so wildly : let us go.

'Yet in these cares, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes.'

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES : A Sketch of its Ecclesiastical History.
By HENRY DE COURCY. Translated and enlarged by JOHN GILMANY SHEA, Author of
the 'Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi,' etc., etc. In one volume: pp.
590. New-York: EDWARD DUNIGAN AND BROTHER.

The history of the Catholic Church in the United States, to those wishing to understand the history of the country, is an important branch of study ; and the man who overlooks it or passes it over with a mere cursory glance, will find that he has left behind him a rich store of materials, and will be compelled to retrace his steps. To any one who has at all looked at the matter it must have appeared that the labors of the French and Spanish Missionaries, the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Recollects, and others, form the ground-work from which to date much of the earliest history of America. Portugal, Spain, France, and England, might dispute and war with each other as to the civil rule over the country, but through all their disputes the Catholic Church kept onward, civilizing and converting the Indians and extending Christianity to points which it was impossible for the soldier to reach. The missionary knew no repulse ; no danger could deter him, no obstacle force him from his path ; but, fired with a holy zeal in his MASTER'S service, he kept onward until cacique after cacique, chief after chief, and tribe after tribe acknowledged the living and true God. The history of these holy enterprises, little thought of in these days, except by the few who delight to follow those glorious soldiers of the Cross in their path of self-denial, show instances upon instances of the most heroic suffering and endurance, often ending, it is true, in a glorious martyrdom by the torture of the red man, but still having no effect to deter others from crowding to fill the places left vacant by the murdered missionary, until there was scarcely a tribe on the continent of America but had received from them the 'knowledge of the true faith.'

The history of the Catholic Church in America, extending from the landing of PONCE DE LEON in 1497, down to 1856, when the Catholics numbered in the United States upward of three millions and-a-half, is presented to us in the work before us. The contents originally prepared by M. DE COURCY for the '*Ami de la Religion*,' and other French publications, have been col-

lected and put in their present shape by Mr. JOHN G. SHEA. The latter gentleman, himself the author of a History of the Catholic Missions, has made considerable additions to the work, and has furnished to the public an historical volume of great interest, displaying great research and particularity, and furnishing a great deal of information, which, were it not for this work, it would be very difficult to obtain. M. DE COURCY, no doubt, has had access to materials which the general reader would seek in vain, and without which no satisfactory account could be furnished of the earlier French and Spanish Missions. And even as to a more recent period, he has collected facts which render his work a valuable addition to one's library. Commencing anterior to the arrival of COLUMBUS, he refers to the efforts of the missionaries in Iceland and Greenland, and the causes that led to their abandonment: then to the Spanish missions in Florida, New-Mexico, Texas, and California: to the settlement of Maryland by the Catholics under Lord BALTIMORE, and to the Church during the Revolution. After peace was declared he takes up each diocese, as successively formed, giving full information as to all matters relating to them and their establishment, from the consecration of Bishop CARROLL, of the Diocese of Baltimore, in 1790, to the year 1856, when the prelates of the Church number seven Archbishops and thirty-five Bishops. In these sixty years, during which the Catholic Church has increased to such a great extent, she has not always been a 'Church triumphant.' The Maryland Catholics had scarcely declared liberty of conscience when persecutions were commenced against them, and from that time onward the Church has been subject to opposition of various kinds. The work before us goes over the whole ground, and claims to show that the charges made against her are unfounded. Various declarations of Councils of the Church in the United States are referred to in answer to these charges. In 1849, at the Seventh Council of Baltimore, it was solemnly and unanimously declared by the Bishops: 'That we are not subject to the Sovereign Pontiff as a temporal prince, and are devoutly attached to the republican institutions under which we live.' We are also given the testimony of the 'Father of his country' in reply to an address presented to him by the Catholics on his election to the Presidency, when WASHINGTON said: 'I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.' Among other things we find it recorded that LEAHY, who represented himself as an ex-Trappist, and who lectured some few years ago in the Tabernacle against the Catholics, is now sojourning in the Wisconsin State Prison at Fond du Lac, under sentence of imprisonment for life; and strange to say, has repented and was received again into the Catholic Church on the twentieth of January, 1856. The difficulty in regard to the Public Schools is also referred to and treated at length; and there is a notice of that good man the Very Reverend FELIX VARELA, whose deeds of charity and self-denial will long be remembered by the poor of New-York. To conclude: we have read this volume with much interest, and the reader, be he Protestant or Catholic, will be well paid for its perusal.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for the October Quarter, 1856 : pp. 280. Boston : CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY : New-York : CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 554 Broadway.

It was our wont to present a synopsis of the contents of each recurring number of the '*North-American* : ' but the multiplicity of new works, the issues of the ever-laboring American press, has not unfrequently of late frustrated this design. The present number of our old and time-honored Quarterly contains thirteen 'Reviews' proper, with a concluding one, embodying several briefer critical notices, as usual, in one paper. In their order, they are as follows : HENRI HEINE's 'Lutèce' ; 'Biographical Dictionaries,' with APPLETON's Cyclopædia, by Dr. HAWKS : 'A Chapter on Novels,' (embracing 'Zaidee, a Romance ;' 'Tolla, a Tale of Modern Rome,' and 'RACHEL GRAY, by JULIA KAVANAGH ;) 'Present State of the Jewish People in Learning and Culture ;' 'WILSON's Treatise on Logic ;' 'The Character of FRANKLIN ;' 'LESLIE's Hand-Book for Young Painters ;' 'EDGAR ALLAN POE ;' 'Portugal's Glory and Decay ;' 'Literature in France under the Empire ;' 'Recent Books on England ;' 'Life of Governor PLUMER of New-Hampshire ;' 'Consolations of Solitude ;' with, as we have said, the usual 'Critical Notices.' Not the least noticeable among these papers — not to pass by the merit and interest of three or four others — will be found the articles on HEINE's 'Lutèce,' FRANKLIN, and POE — a curious antipodeal association, these last names, in every respect. The article upon HEINE is a most comprehensive and admirably-written *resumé* of the work — of the time and events of which it treats. Take a single passage for an 'ensample,' and say if we speak not sooth :

'LUTECE is not, as some critics have thought proper to call it, a 'daguerreotype' of the political and social scenes exhibited by France under the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE ; for a daguerreotype is the mere reflection of an object, which object borrows nothing from the surface that reflects it — whereas the picture in question owes half its value to the medium through which it becomes manifest. *Lutèce* is France — nay, France very faithfully mirrored ; but it is France mirrored in HEINE, and your attention is enchainèd to the object reflected and to the reflecting medium at once. If it were not HEINE that spoke them, you would, however true, find much less to interest you in the words that are spoken, and many of the judgments acquire their sole importance from the quality of the judge.

'More than twelve years have gone by since the latest of these letters was written ; fifteen or sixteen have elapsed since, in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, the first of them appeared ; and there is a species of solemn curiosity in their attraction. They are as it were a prophecy of the past. As you refer to the date, you cannot help recurring also to the fact that this 'conjurer MERLIN,' as he somewhere styles himself, was walking about among ordinary people with this magic mirror always before him, and clearly seeing what to you and your purblind brethren was invisible. What guessed our countrymen and countrywomen, when they were presented to LOUIS PHILIPPE in the Hall of Marshals at the Tuileries, of the tottering foundations of the whole governmental edifice ? Or, when they flocked to Colonel THORN's aristocratic *fêtes*, and thought how fine a thing was an 'old noblesse' — provided, like danger, it no longer was and only had been ! — what guessed they of the fire that smouldered beneath the soil, and was soon to burst forth in flames, whirling away, in a cloud of smoke and soot, king, throne, aristocratic *fêtes*, 'old noblesse,' Colonel THORN, and all ? They said nothing, neither did the Parisians, who were divided into two classes : those inflated with satisfaction and those inflated with disgust — the optimists and the pessimists, — those to whose minds nothing could go better, and those to whose minds nothing could go worse, for

to the latter stability was the direst evil of all. All saw nothing, and yet here was a man rubbing elbows with them upon the Boulevards who discerned the black point upon the horizon — saw far — years far away into the future; and, giving shape to his dreams, sent them, 'nothing extenuated,' to Germany, where they lived out their day, were read, commented upon, and not profited by. And there they are now, staring us in the face, solemnly curious, as we said before, and only to be designated as a Prophecy of the Past!

'When HEINE first came to Paris, the ground was still hot under his feet, so that what lava had been thrown up by the eruption of 1830 he was in time to study and appreciate. In a very short time the soil was made to look so uncommonly smooth, the fissures were so closed up, the dust and ashes so swept away, that a more than casual observer might easily have been deceived, and have really adopted the credence, that 'an impossible régime had merely been replaced by the best of all possible governments,' and that all was forever for the best. But the exiled author of the *Reisebilder* came in time to see the beginning. He watched the 'putting in order' of the whole, and built his apprehensions of the future upon his experience of the past. He is there before the rising of the curtain, and sees the actors dress. So, it may be said, did the French people themselves; but the French people forget every thing, and are incapable to-day of remembering what were yesterday's events. 'Forgiveness,' says HEINE, speaking of them, 'is a ready virtue in the French, because it is a form of forgetfulness. Lucky, perhaps! for if they did not forget so easily, they would infallibly all fall to cutting one another's throats; for scarce a man exists here in Paris who has not some cause of mortal hatred toward another, if he did but remember it!'

'It was, therefore, of no use to the French nation that it should have witnessed the beginnings of its affairs and of its men; it had already forgotten both, and took men and things for what they looked like at the moment. But HEINE, with his German tenacity, lost no impression he had once received, and deduced the present from the past, and the future from both, aided therein as much by his memory as by his poetic instinct.'

The article upon '*The Character of Franklin*,' based upon the new and improved edition of SPARKS's noble collection, in ten volumes, of '*FRANKLIN'S Works*,' is extremely well and tersely written. Without comment, which the reader will perceive is not required, we pass to the brief extracts for which we can find space. And first, how many thousands in our country will admit the following to be well set forth:

'If the prime of FRANKLIN's life was the critical era of our national fortunes, it was no less a period of literary and political transition in Great Britain. It was the epoch when History assumed a more philosophical development under the thoughtful pen of HUME, when sentiment and humor grew bold and vagrant in expression through STERNE, when the greatest orator of the age recorded its events in the '*Annual Register*,' when humane letters rose in public esteem by virtue of GOLDSMITH's graceful style, when GARRICK made the stage illustrious, when Methodism began its work, when the seer of Stockholm proclaimed spiritual science, and the bard of Olney sang the pleasures of rural and domestic life. Yet how diverse from them all was the renown their American contemporary won, and the method of its acquisition! It is the clear vista to a humble origin and the gradual rise from the condition of a poor mechanic to that of a statesman and philosopher, opened by FRANKLIN in his artless memoir of himself, which gives at once individuality and universality to his fame. Who can estimate the vast encouragement derived by the lowliest seeker for knowledge and social elevation from such a minute chart of life, frankly revealing every stage of poverty, skepticism, obscure toil, dissipation, on the one side, and, on the other, of manly resolution, indefatigable industry, frugal self-denial, patient study, honest and intelligent conviction, by means of which the fugitive printer's boy, with no library but an odd volume of the '*Spectator*,' an Essay of DE FOE's, translations of PLUTARCH and XENOPHON, the treatises of SAARTJESBURY and LOCKE, an English Grammar, and the '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' trained himself to observe, to write, and to think, while earning often a precarious subsistence in Philadelphia and London by type-setting and pen-work? The play-house alternating with the club made up of vagabonds and steady fellows, equally 'lovers of reading,' a swimming-match and experiments in diet, conversation with 'ingenious acquaintances,' hard work, constant observation, and the habit of 'improving by experience,' exhibit the youth as he develops into man, who, with remorse for the 'errata' in his life, goes on to reveal the process — available to all with self-control and understanding — whereby from a printer he became a shop-keeper, then a journalist, and subsequently launched upon an unprecedented career of public usefulness and honor.'

We commend especially to our readers, what we regret to be unable to quote, the brief record of the variety of subjects identified with human welfare, and apart from political interests, which, from first to last, employed FRANKLIN's mind, and elicited either sagacious conjectures or positive suggestions. The reviewer is not unaware, however, that there are faults in all eminent pictures, even the greatest; and he does not hesitate to set them forth. *Apropos* of certain 'effects' in FRANKLIN's portrait, the critic says:

'If there were no blemishes in this picture, it would scarcely be human; but the blemishes are casual, and like flitting shadows, of vague import, while through and above them the bland and sagacious, the honest and wise lineaments tranquilly beam. The spirit of calculation, the narrowness of prudence, the limits of a matter-of-fact vision, the gallantries tolerated by the social standard of the times, the absence of that impulse and *abandon*, that generous and ardent mood which seems inseparable from the noblest and most aspiring natures, sometimes render FRANKLIN too exclusively a provident, utilitarian, and a creature of the immediate, to satisfy our loftiest ideal of character or our sympathies with genius as spontaneously and unconsciously manifest. Gossip has bequeathed hints of amours that derogate somewhat from the gravity of the sage; partisan spite has whispered of a too selfish estimate of the chances of expediency; and there are those who find in the doctrine and practice of the American philosopher an undue estimate of thrift, and an illustration of the creed that man 'lives by bread alone,' which chills enthusiasm and subdues praise; but when we contemplate the amount of enduring good he achieved, the value of his scientific discoveries, the uprightness, self-devotion, and consistency of the man, the loyal activity of the patriot, and the interests he promoted, the habits he exemplified, the truths he made vital, and the prosperity he initiated, our sense of obligation, our admiration of his practical wisdom, and our love of his genial usefulness, merge critical objection in honor and gratitude.'

We have often thought, although living in the age of steam-locomotion and harnessed lightning, what latent powers may yet be sleeping in Nature's capacious and fruitful bosom, which by-and-by shall be bared to the day, and eclipse them all. Such a thought, the reviewer infers from his own mind, might also have been the great philosopher's:

'We cannot but imagine the delight and sympathy with which FRANKLIN would have followed the miraculous progress of the modern sciences and of those ideas of which he beheld but the dawn. 'I have sometimes almost wished,' he writes, 'it had been my destiny to be born two or three centuries hence; for inventions and improvements are prolific, and beget more of their kind.' Had he lived a little more than another fifty years, he would have seen the mode of popular education initiated by the Spectator, expended into the elaborate Review, the brilliant Magazine, the Household Words, and Scientific Journals of the present day; the rude hand-press upon which he arranged the miniature 'form' of the New-England *Courant*, transformed into electro-typed cylinders worked by steam and throwing off thirty thousand printed sheets an hour; the thin almanac, with its proverbs and calendar, grown to a plethoric volume, rich in astronomical lore and the statistics of a continent; the vessel dependent on the caprice of the winds and an imperfect science of navigation, self-impelled with a pre-calculated rate of speed and by the most authentic charts; and the subtle fluid that his prescience caught up and directed safely by a metallic rod, sent along leagues of wire, the silent and instant messenger of the world. With what keen interest he would have followed DAY, with his safety-lamp, into the treacherous mine; accompanied FULTON in his first steam-voyage up the Hudson; watched DAGUERRE as he made his sun-pictures; seen the vineyards along the Ohio attest his prophetic advocacy of the Rhenish grape-culture; heard MILLER discourse of the 'Old Red Sandstone,' MORSE explain the Telegraph, or MAURY the tidal laws! Chemistry — almost born since his day — would open a new and wonderful realm to his consciousness; the Cosmos of HUMBOLDT, draw his entranced gaze down every vista of natural science, as if to reveal at a glance a programme of all the great and beautiful secrets of the universe; and the reckless enterprise and mad extravagance of his prosperous country elicit more emphatic warnings than POOR RICHARD breathed of old.'

'His memory' continues the reviewer, 'is still enshrined in the popular heart; he is still the annual hero of the printer's festival; his name is asso-

ciated with townships and counties, inns and ships, societies and periodicals ; with all the arrangements and objects of civilization that aim to promote the enlightenment and convenience of man. The press and the lightning-rod, the almanac, the postage-stamp, and the free-school medal, attest his usefulness and renown ; maxims of practical wisdom more numerous than Don QUIXOTE's garrulous squire cited, gave birth under his hand to a current proverbial philosophy ; and his effigy, is, therefore, the familiar symbol of independence, of popular education, and self-culture. Those shrewd and kindly features, and that patriarchal head, are as precious to the humble as to the learned ; and in every land and every language, FRANKLIN, though the *prestige* of a brilliant discovery in science and the fame of a wise patriot, typifies the 'greatest good of the greatest number.'

The notice of the '*Writings and Character of Edgar Allan Poe*' we regard as just and well discriminated : and we say this, not because its conclusions coincide with those which we have expressed in these pages, but because its facts and its inferences are alike irrefragable. We shall make an extract or two from this able paper, and then close our hurried reference to an excellent number of an excellent Review. Speaking of the characteristics of POE, in a 'critical' point of view, the reviewer says :

'IN his determination to be precise and to avoid generalizations, he frequently failed to grasp the spirit and the total effect of a work, while diligently engaged in hunting to the death some awkward expression, or carping at some ill-chosen word. He saw all the faults a writer had, and many which he had not. Thus, in his frequent forays against those whom he especially labelled 'plagiarists,' he detects proofs undiscernible to all other eyes—including many of those who were well enough disposed to see all that he saw if they could. This charge of plagiarism was his favorite weapon, and one which he wielded with no very strict regard to the rules of honorable warfare, for he was constantly in the habit of insinuating the charge, instead of proving it. . . . This is the more audacious, when it is well known that, far from being immaculate himself in this respect, he was a most bold and unscrupulous plagiarist—if plagiarism is not too mild a word for the appropriation, in one instance, of a *whole book*, which he pirated from a Scotch author, and to which he merely wrote a preface, signed by himself, in which he thanks certain (nameless) gentlemen for their assistance, without giving the slightest intimation that it had ever seen the light before. The work was a text-book on Conchology, by Captain T. BROWN, originally printed in Glasgow in 1833. For other plagiarisms on a less extensive scale, we would refer to the Memoir by MR. GRISWOLD. The fact was, that on this matter of plagiarism his personal feelings were early involved, and became so interwoven with his critical opinions, that he was necessarily inconsistent ; and many of his charges were frivolous, while others were absolutely void of meaning. In referring, for instance, to MR. LONGFELLOW's 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year,' and 'The Beleaguered City,' he must have meant to say, that these poems, with all that he alleges against them, either were or were not justifiable productions. If he would concede that they were so, why did he condemn their author ? But if he implied that they ought never to have been written, then we are free to confess that we hold him the only man in Christendom who could have entertained that opinion. Indeed, all the poems which MR. POE has selected for especial animadversion on this account, are exactly those which of all others the lovers of the true and beautiful would be least willing to lose.'

True, every word of it : as is also the subsequent remark, that the secret of 'Poe's impotency over the public taste'—for he had *no* literary influence whatever—'lies in the fact, that his critical reviews, like all that he wrote, were destitute of moral sentiment. He stood on narrow, technical ground, and not on the broad plane of human hopes and interests.'

Of Poe's personal character, little need was there to say any thing. Every body *knew*—every body *knows* it. As the reviewer remarks : 'The list of witnesses is long, and some of them are weighty : among them is MR. ALLAN,

his guardian, who charges him with wanton insult and ingratitude; the Faculty of Maryland University; the President of the Military Academy at West-Point; the officers of the regiment from which he deserted; the publishers, WHITE, BURTON, GRAHAM, and GODEY, whose business he had injured or neglected, with others, who, being superfluous, are excluded. But one we must not omit — the state's evidence — *himself*; for none have accused POE of more numerous indefensible motives and actions than he admitted to be true. He accuses himself of deliberate falsehood, for the sake of sustaining appearances; of insulting a respectful audience, and a respectable literary association, solely in order to avenge himself upon a small clique, who he fancied had slighted him; of making public, unjust, and untrue allegations against an individual, without any evidence, satisfactory to himself, of their truth; and of experiencing a 'superior relish for a row, over all sublunary pleasures.' Here the prosecutor may be content to rest the case, though but a small fraction of the evidence is in; and we are glad to hear his counsel call for the rebutting testimony.' And 'here, may it please the court, we leave the case,' and the — 'North-American Review' for October: commending its entire perusal, however, most cordially to our readers.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS: THE SECOND GRINNELL EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, 1853, 1854, 1855. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S. N. In two volumes. Philadelphia: CHILDS AND PETERSON.

Not a foot of land nor fathom of water on the great globe but shall eventually be subdued to the sovereignty of man. The tiger is hunted from the shade of his jungle, and the Polar-bear, afar off in regions of ice, where day and night alternate in prolonged cycles, is driven from his crystal courts by the fierce energies of Humanity. This unceasing yearning after conquest; this desire to battle with the storm, and enslave the elements; to control the appalling intensities of climate; to plant the symbol of nationality on unfructifying points of eternal desolation; to penetrate beyond the utmost limits, which even the down-covered birds of Arctic skies dare not pass; to disturb and dispute possession of waters with the walrus and the seal, whose title dates back to the creation, and all for a sentiment, is characteristic of the *Picked People of the World*, impelled by the instincts of nature in their most active manifestations. ROSS, and PARRY, and FRANKLIN, and others, sustained by the liberal aid of a great government, and the acquiescent favor of a great people, have pushed their penetrating prows far into the ice masses, past all the natural conditions for the sustenance of human life, and have left, to mark the successive discoveries they have made, monuments in the graves of martyred comrades. Such daring enterprise has its aspect of nobleness; but it is a relief to trace the track of similar adventure, induced by motives that permit no question as to their sufficiency. And so Dr. KANE sets out in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN.

Fill up the grate this raw October night and close the doors and windows; draw up the cushioned chair, and listen to the wind torturing the rheumatic sign-boards in the metropolis, or the trees which surround your country cottage, and then read of Dr. KANE and his small band, in their huts of snow; feeding upon blubber and rats; only too glad to get enough of *them*; *some* lying sick for weary months; and *all* weakened by privation, in a temperature that compares with our mid-winter as our mid-winter does with the sweltering days of July; where the mercury congeals as stiff as steel before it gets half-way down to record the degree of cold; where the ice burns the naked hand or lip, and a very godsend is a shield of snow; where the wide waters freeze over and down to the bed of the sea, and the rivers are changed by the wand of the Ice-King, and lie upon the land in broad bands of glittering glass, mirrors for the white stars and the cold moon to see their pale faces in: read of all *this*, and let your blazing coal snap, and crackle, and roar in mad exultation, that you are snugly housed, with all the 'modern improvements,' in the comfortable latitude of 41°.

Dr. KANE is no less a capable chronicler than a daring explorer: his descriptions are *pictures*; and without pretension or affectation he *reproduces* the exciting scenes through which he has passed with the effective power, if not the art (which is the art) of the masters of literature. The tight little brig that bore them safely through so many perils, and which they were compelled to abandon in the ice, behaved bravely in its many struggles with the elements. Long before the real starting point had been reached they had passed death on either hand. The following extract gives a specimen of early experience:

'Br Saturday morning it blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things snug on board.

'Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during a momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

'Half a minute more, and 'twang, twang!' came a second report. I knew it was the whale-line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its seal-skin boot, when McGARY came waddling down the companion-ladders: 'Captain KANE, she won't hold much longer: it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge.'

'The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew, as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Æolian chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running-gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death-song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shattered gun; and, in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy.'

What we have quoted and that which follows, is equal to any thing we remember to have read, and what we best remember is COOPER's famous scene in the 'Pilot.' We are able to do but imperfect justice to these volumes in the way of extract: at the most, we must be content to offer a few passages, not so much for superior comparative merit as for their variety. Exposure and want had reduced all these hardy men to the brink of death; some succumbed; probably none of the survivors but will carry with them through life the effects of what they then suffered. While discipline was in a measure preserved, its etiquette of necessity ceased. The commander and those under him who had sufficient strength, performed all

the offices which care for the invalid demanded, and with fraternal affection ministered as far as possible to the wants of the unhappy sick. The fore-castle was transferred to the cabin; the cook occupied the Captain's bunk, and the Captain discharged the duties of the cook; each contributed as best he could to the comfort of the others, and the rude sailor, with a woman's kindness, if not with a woman's skill, attended upon his dying comrade:

'EARLY in the morning of the seventh I was awakened by a sound from BAKER'S throat, one of those the most frightful and ominous that ever startle a physician's ear. The lockjaw had seized him — that dark visitant whose foreshadowings were on so many of us. His symptoms marched rapidly to their result: he died on the eighth of April. We placed him the next day in his coffin, and, forming a rude but heart-full procession, bore him over the broken ice and up the steep side of the ice-foot to BUTLER Island; then passing along the snow-level to Fern Rock, and, climbing the slope of the Observatory, we deposited his corpse upon the pedestals, which had served to support our transit-instrument and theodolite. We read the service for the burial of the dead, sprinkling over him snow for dust, and repeated the Lord's Prayer; and then, icing up again the opening in the walls we had made to admit the coffin, left him in the narrow house.'

Amid all their calamities the interests of science were not neglected. Their observations were carefully and minutely made and recorded, and accurate information was obtained of the habits of the few people who even there had found a precarious home, and of the animals upon which they subsisted. Their life was not destitute in minor incidents of interest. The chase of the polar bear, the killing of seals and walrus, the catching of birds, foxes, and hares are vividly described. From these we take an account of walrus-hunting. MORTON, one of the crew, had joined some Esquimaux for that purpose:

'The party which MORTON attended upon their walrus-hunt had three sledges. One was to be taken to a cache in the neighborhood; the other two dragged at a quick run toward the open water, about ten miles off to the south-west. They had but nine dogs to these two sledges, one man only riding, the others running by turns. As they neared the new ice, and where the black wastes of mingled cloud and water betokened the open sea, they would from time to time remove their hoods and listen intently for the animal's voice.

'After a while MYOUK became convinced, from signs or sounds, or both, for they were inappreciable by MORTON, that the walrus were waiting for him in a small space of recently-open water that was glazed over with a few days' growth of ice; and, moving gently on, they soon heard the characteristic bellow of a bull awuk. The walrus, like some of the higher order of beings to which he has been compared, is fond of his own music, and will lie for hours listening to himself. His vocalization is something between the mooing of a cow and the deepest bayings of a mastiff: very round and full, with its barks or detached notes repeated rather quickly, seven to nine times in succession.

'The party now formed in single file, following in each other's steps; and, guided by an admirable knowledge of ice-topography, wound behind hummocks and ridges in a serpentine approach toward a group of pond-like discolorations, recently-frozen ice-spots, but surrounded by firmer and older ice.

'When within half a mile of these, the line broke, and each man crawled toward a separate pool; MORTON on his hands and knees following MYOUK. In a few minutes the walrus were in sight. They were five in number, rising at intervals through the ice in a body, and breaking it up with an explosive puff that might have been heard for miles. Two large grim-looking males were conspicuous as the leaders of the group.

'Now for the marvel of the craft. When the walrus is above water, the hunter is flat and motionless; as he begins to sink, alert and ready for a spring. The animal's head is hardly below the water-line before every man is in a rapid run; and again, as if by instinct, before the beast returns, all are motionless behind protecting knolls of ice. They seem to know beforehand not only the time he will be absent, but the very spot at which he will reappear. In this way, hiding and advancing by turns, MYOUK, with MORTON at his heels, has reached a plate of thin ice, hardly strong enough to bear them, at the very brink of the water-pool the walrus are curvetting in.

'Myouk, till now phlegmatic, seems to waken with excitement. His coil of walrus-hide, a well-trimmed line of many fathoms' length, is lying at his side. He fixes one end of it in an iron barb, and fastens this loosely by a socket upon a shaft of unicorn's horn: the other end is already looped, or, as a sailor would say, 'doubled in a bight.' It is the work of a moment. He has grasped the harpoon: the water is in motion. Puffing with pent-up respiration, the walrus is within a couple of fathoms, close before him. Myouk rises slowly, his right arm thrown back, the left flat at his side. The walrus looks about him, shaking the water from his crest: Myouk throws up his left arm; and the animal, rising breast-high, fixes one look before he plunges. It has cost him all that curiosity can cost: the harpoon is buried under his left flipper.

'Though awuk is down in a moment Myouk is running at desperate speed from the scene of his victory, paying off his coil freely, but clutching the end by its loop. He seizes as he runs a small stick of bone, rudely pointed with iron, and by a sudden movement drives it into the ice: to this he secures his line, pressing it down close to the ice-surface with his feet.

'Now comes the struggle. The hole is dashed in mad commotion with the struggles of the wounded beast; the line is drawn tight at one moment, the next relaxed: the hunter has not left his station. There is a crack of the ice; and rearing up through it are two walruses, not many yards from where he stands. One of them, the male, is excited, and seemingly terrified: the other, the female, collected and vengeful. Down they go again, after one grim survey of the field; and on the instant Myouk has changed his position, carrying his coil with him and fixing it anew.

'He has hardly fixed it before the pair have again risen, breaking up an area of ten feet diameter about the very spot he left. As they sink once more he again changes his place. And so the conflict goes on between address and force, till the victim, half-exhausted, receives a second wound, and is played like a trout by the angler's reel.

'The instinct of attack which characterizes the walrus is interesting to the naturalist, as it is characteristic also of the land animals, the pachyderms, with which he is classed. When wounded he rises high out of the water, plunging heavily against the ice, and strives to raise himself with his fore-flippers upon its surface. As it breaks under its weight, his countenance assumes a still more vindictive expression, his bark changes to a roar, and the foam pours out from his jaws till it froths his beard.

'Even when not excited, he manages his tusks bravely. They are so strong that he uses them to grapple the rocks with, and climbs steepes of ice and land, which would be inaccessible to him without their aid. He ascends in this way rocky islands that are sixty and a hundred feet above the level of the sea; and I have myself seen him in these elevated positions, basking with his young in the cool sunshine of August and September.

'He can strike a fearful blow; but prefers charging with his tusks in a soldierly manner. I do not doubt the old stories of the Spitzbergen fisheries and Cherie-Island, where the walrus put to flight the crowds of European boats. Awuk is the lion of the Danish Esquimaux, and they always speak of him with respect.

'I have heard of oomiaks being detained for days at a time at the crossings of straits and passages which he infested. Governor FLAISCHER told me that, in 1830, a brown walrus, which, according to the Esquimaux, is the fiercest, after being lanced and maimed near Upernavik, routed his numerous assailants, and drove them in fear to seek for help from the settlement. His movements were so violent as to jerk out the harpoons that were struck into him. The Governor slew him with great difficulty, after several rifle-shots and lance-wounds from his whale-boat.'

We cannot close this review without bearing testimony to the great spirit and liberality by which the enterprising publishers have succeeded in making these volumes in respect of typography, illustrations, and general getting-up, perhaps superior to any work which has ever issued from the American press. And it is no less gratifying to national pride than to the personal sympathy which every reader of taste must feel, to learn that its success is commensurate with its deserts. The engravings from the drawings, *made on the spot*, with all the rare effects, so new, and so the more wonderfully striking, are, for the most part, masterly executed: while the paper, printing, etc., as we have said, leave absolutely *nothing* to be desired. It is a work, reader, when we are dust, which will be read and cherished by thousands upon thousands of our countrymen — the descendants of our nearest posterity.

DAISY'S NECKLACE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT: a Literary Episode. By T. B. ALDRICH. In one volume: pp. 225. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

A most charming volume this; and although not of equal or continuous merit throughout, it is a work which no man of our acquaintance, of the writer's age, including all the critics, whose notices we have seen, could have written. Mr. ALDRICH is a very young man and author, and yet there have already proceeded from his pen some of the most delicate, tender, and beautiful poetical conceptions of this our modern time. We think he gives evidence of being a 'born poet;' for 'if these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' He has only to 'fulfil the promise of his spring,' to become hereafter a proud ornament to the literature of America. He has an affluence of imagination, and a style which, although evidently not altogether formed, is yet exceedingly attractive. Faults he certainly has, but so *generally* correct is his taste, that we look to time and self-correction for their amendment. We have not room or leisure for a criticism of this little book, nor for a synopsis of it: we shall simply permit the writer to 'speak for himself' in two instances, and then dismiss the volume to the public favor. The subjoined is from the 'Prologue.' Mrs. MUGGINS, the author's landlady, has just been informed that he is engaged in writing a novel:

'Mrs. MUGGINS ambled out of the room-door, to which she had been summoned by some peremptory appeals of my bell. I was somewhat shocked at the cool manner with which Mrs. Muggins received the literary intelligence; but she, poor, simple soul, did not know that my greatness was a-ripening.

"Some of these days," said I to myself, turning toward the window, "some of these days, mayhap a hundred years hence, as the stranger passes through Washington Parade-Ground, this house—wrinkled and old then—will be pointed out to his wonder-loving eyes as the one in which my novel was written; and the curious stranger will cut his name on the walls of the room which I never occupied, and carry away a slice of the door-step!"

"I immediately fell in love with this fascinating thought, and followed it up.

'The slender trees which now inhabit the Parade Ground had grown immensely—the trunks of some were three feet in diameter, and around them all was a massive iron railing. The brick and brown-stone houses on Waverley-Place and Fourth-street had long been removed, and huge edifices with cast-iron fronts supplanted them. I looked in vain for the little drug-store on the corner with its red and green bottles, and the fruit-man's below, with its show of yellow bananas and sour oranges. The University, dimly seen through the interlacing branches, was a classic ruin.

'Every thing was changed and new.

'All the old land-marks were gone, save the Parade-Ground, and one quaint old house facing Mac Dougal-street: the which house was propped up with beams, for, long and long ago, before 'the memory of the oldest inhabitant' even, an author, a sweet quiet man, once wrote a famous book there, and the world of 1956 would preserve the very floors he trod on!

'And so I sat there by my window in the autumnal sunshine, and watched the golden clouds as the wind blew them against the square white turrets of the University, which peered above the trees.

'Ah! Mrs. MUGGINS, thought I, though you only said 'yes, Sir,' when I spoke of my novel—though your name is carved in solid brass on the hall-door, yet you will be forgotten like a rain that fell a thousand years ago, when *my* name, only stamped with printer's ink, on ephemeral slips of paper, is a household word.

'So I came to pity Mrs. Muggins, and harbored no ill feelings toward the simple creature who was so speedily to be gathered under the dusty wings of oblivion. I wondered how she could be cheerful. I wondered if she ever thought of being 'dead and forgotten,' and if it troubled her.'

From '*The Little Castle-Builders*' we select two passages. 'They were,' he tells us:

'They were two strange children — nature, and perhaps circumstances had made them so. They were born and had always lived in the old house. Their mother was in heaven, and their father was one of those who go down to the sea in ships. With no one to teach them, save the old house-keeper, NANNY, their minds had taken odd turns and conceits; they had grown up old people in a hundred ways.

'The roar of the winds and the sea had been in their ears from infancy. In the summer months they wandered late on the sandy beaches, or slept with the silent sunshine under the cherry-trees. They had grown up with nature, and nature beat in them like another heart. She had imbued them with her richer and tenderer moods.

'BELL was the wildest and strangest of the two. She was one of those aerial little creatures who, some how or other, get into this world sometimes — it must be by slipping through the fingers of the angels, for they seem strangely out of place, and I am sure that they are missed somewhere! They never stay long! They come to earth and sometimes ripen for heaven in a twelve-month! The sweetest flowers are those that die in the spring-time: they touch the world with beauty, and are gone, before a ruder breath than that of God scatters their perfume. BELL was a *Gipsy angel* — one of those who wander, for a while, outside the walls of Heaven, in the shady pastures and by-ways of the world.

'MORTIMER,' said BELL, after a long silence, 'how nice it is to sit here and watch the bits of sails coming and going — coming and going, never weary! I wonder how long we have sat at this window and watched the white specks? I wonder if it will always be so; if you and I will still be here, loving the sea and stars, when our heads are as white as NANNY'S?'

'No!' cried the boy impetuously. 'I am going out into the broad, deep world, and write books full of wonderful thought, like the Arabian Nights!'

'And he repeated it, the broad, deep world! Ah! child! what have such dreamers as you to do in the broad, deep world — the wonderful, restless sea, where men cast the net of thought and bring up pebbles?'

'I would like that, MORT!' cried BELL, clapping her hands. 'But then, what a grand place this would be to write them in! You can have your desk by the open window here; and when your eyes are tired, you can rest them on the sea.'

We ask attention to a single passage from a chapter of the work entitled '*The Phantom at Sea*:'

'The blood-red sun had gone down into the Atlantic. Faint purple streaks streamed up the western horizon, like the fingers of some great shadowy hand clutching at the world.

'Huge masses of dark, agate-looking clouds were gathering in the zenith, and the heavy, close atmosphere told the coming of a storm. Now and then the snaky lightning darted across the heavens and coiled itself away in a cloud.

'A lone ship stood almost motionless in the twilight.

'The sails were close-reefed. Here and there on the fore-castle were groups of lazy-looking seamen; and a man walked the quarter-deck, glancing anxiously aloft. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, and that dreadful stillness was in the air which so often preludes a terrific storm in the tropics. A rumbling was heard in the sky like the sound of distant artillery, or heavy bodies of water falling from immense heights.

'Then the surface of the sea was broken by mimic waves tipped with froth, and the vast expanse seemed like a prairie in a snow-fall.

'The lightning became more frequent and vivid, and the thunder seemed breaking on the very top-masts of the vessel. Then the starless night sunk down on the ocean, and the sea raved in the gathering darkness. The storm was at its height: the wind,

'Through unseen sluices of the air,'

tore the shrouds to strings, and bent the dizzy, tapering masts till they threatened to snap. But the bark bore bravely through it, while the huge waves seemed bearing her down to those coral labyrinths, where nothing goes

'But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.'

'The thunder sent forth peal after peal, and the heaven was like 'a looming bastion fringed with fire.' On through the slanting rain sped the ship, creaking and groaning, with its ribs warped, and its great oaken spine trembling. The sailors on deck clung to the bulwarks; and below not a soul could sleep, for the thunder and the creaking of cordage filled their ears.

'At mid-night the storm abated; but the sea still ran dangerously high, and the wind sobbed through the rigging mournfully. The heaven was spangled with tremulous stars, and at the horizon the clouds hung down in gossamer folds—God's robe trailing in the sea!'

Will some body tell us whether that is n't 'very fair' for a young writer, or as an English cockney would say, 'clevaw?' *Macte virtute*, Mr. ALDRICH! Study the good old English models of simplicity and purity of style, as you pass along the second arch of the 'Bridge of Years;' keep your freshness of heart and the 'dew of youth;' and 'defy the foul fiend,' and also—the critics and hypercritics. (Well printed, on good paper.)

THE GOLDEN DAGON: OR UP AND DOWN THE IRRAWADDI. Being Passages of Adventure in the Burman Empire. By AN AMERICAN. New-York: DIX, EDWARDS AND COMPANY.

THE special peculiarity of this traveller is, that he adapts himself with extraordinary facility and naturalized ease to the conditions in which he may be placed. Whether smoking cheroots on the verandah at Brooks's in Hong Kong, or acting as surgeon on board H.B.M.S. Phlegethon, or listening to AY-CHUNG talk 'broken China,' he appears equally content. 'When you are in Burmah do as the Burmese do,' seems to have been his adaptation of a time-honored proverb; nor was he disposed to make an exception against certain customs, which however they may shock our double-distilled morals, the primitive man has a natural inclination to. Still we are not anxious to take charge of the Doctor's post-mortem arrangements, and so leave the ethics of his book to the kind care of our theological contemporaries. It may be that our traveller has voluntarily placed himself in a confessional by way of penance. Perhaps he could n't be expected to live with little MAYOUK for ever; and if he still preserves her silver spittoon as a remembrancer, and if she has fulfilled her promise of sending an offering to the Pagoda every new moon, they may be forgiven for that little business transaction! Ah! DOCTOR! if you had n't had it all printed in a book, we never could have believed it! Who could have suspected that the six-feet of humanity coming after a pair of spectacles down the long circular stairs that lead to the Parnassus of the New-York *Tribune* was any thing but a 'soul,' or had more of the animal than was absolutely necessary to envelop the spiritual? We knew very well, long before your book was printed, what a very clever book it would be; but, to tell the honest truth, we expected plenty of fancy without any fact to speak of. Here we have both. And though you came not from any particularly 'Holy Land,' nor carry a palm as an emblem, none the less are you a 'PALMER' in its modern, 1856 sense. Speak for yourself, dear DOCTOR, and tell the ladies and gentlemen all about Penang and that pleasant Malay amusement of 'Running Amok':

'PENANG!—Paradise and Peridom attainable by steam! And yet, for all its pools of silver, and its bowers of balm and beauty, and its bird-bells tinkling tunelessly, and its orchards of Araboid aromas, and its drowsy palms nodding tipsily over brimmers

of spiced ether, and its bamboos rippling where long shadows sail, that Eden also hath its fiend.

'While we were there, a Malay ran amok. The fellow—a familiar vagabond who hung about the skirts of the town—had been bamboozed for a theft. Next morning, even as the golden sun began to glorify the garden, he snatched his wicked krees, and with black locks streaming in the astonished air, and back and loins bare and slippery with palm oil, with staring eyes, and visage all-bedeveled, crazed with shame and spite, and drunk with opium, he reeled like a mad dog, down the thronged lanes between the bamboo hedges, where blind old men, unwitting of the horror, crept from hut to hut, and maidens came singing from the groves with great plantain clusters on their heads, and shiny brown youngsters ran races for cocoa-nuts. He rushed through flying men shouting for their weapons, and women screaming to GUADMA and BOODU, and children laughing at the funny man—stabbing and chopping and slashing, and spattering the bamboos with blood; till at last, down, and wriggling in a fit, he was dispatched, and his steeple-chase of death was run.

'Pardon! I relate these things in course. No more than my reader have I a taste for horrors; but in those lands, where spiced sauces are every thing, they do not serve these separate, and you must take them chow-chow with your music and loveliness and love—all or none.

'Next morning we lifted the anchor and, under 'full power,' sped away to Burmah—for coals and water, so they said—the kidnappers! to serve me so, a poor Yankee waif!

'Passing the scare-crow Andamans, content to take their injured look for granted and believe them innocent of cannibals, in a few days we ran up to the custom-house wharf of Moulmein, so suddenly that an elephant took fright at us, and ran away with a field-piece.

'Our coming had been looked for, for many days. Rumors of war, between the East-India Company and the Burmese nation, were agitating the motley community of Moulmein and lending to the advent of the Phlegethon more than her share of interest. Already a British Commodore, with a frigate and a Company's steamer, was at Rangoon.

'In fact, in less than six weeks our guns were 'conciliating' Burmah; and as it is my own story, and not the history of a war of annexation, that I have set out to write, I have gathered from this Burmese campaign—wherein I was a volunteer in spite of myself—a few passages of personal adventure which, here and there in the progress of my rambling story, will turn up for the entertainment of my reader. For the rest—the policy, the diplomacy, and 'all that sort of thing'—I shall hand him over to CORDEN and ELLENBOROUGH, with one introductory chapter, more free than flattering—and then go ashore.'

GRISWOLD'S ILLUSTRATED LIFE OF WASHINGTON. Published in Numbers: Part one: pp. 64. New-York: VIRTUE, EMMINS AND COMPANY, Number 25 John-street.

THE multiplication of editions of the Life of WASHINGTON is a good 'sign of the times.' Never was a wide diffusion of his virtues and counsels more needed than at the present moment. The work before us promises to be one of rare beauty and value. That Dr. GRISWOLD has performed his portion of the enterprise faithfully and in good taste, may be safely assumed from his literary antecedents. The publishers will emulate him in *their* department. The paper is fine and white, the type large and clear, and the engravings, of which there are three in this 'First Part,' promise to keep pace with the other external features of the work. We append a few of WASHINGTON'S 'Practical Maxims for the Government of Conduct in Society,' in the hope that they may interest, as well as prove useful to many young men among our readers:

- '1. EVERY action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.
- '2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.
- '3. Speak not when others speak, sit not when others stand, and walk not when others stop.

'4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

'5. Be no flatterer, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

'6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

'7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

'8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

'9. They that are in dignity or office have in all places precedence; but while they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

'10. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort, we ought to begin.

'11. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

'12. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

'13. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

'14. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

'15. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogance.

'16. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

'17. Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, also in what terms to do it; and in re-proving, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

'18. Mock not, nor jest at any thing of importance; break no jests that are sharp or biting, and if you deliver any thing witty or pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

'19. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precept.

'20. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curses nor revilings.

'21. Be not hasty to believe flying reports, to the disparagement of any one.

'22. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration. Keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.

'23. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

'24. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

'25. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature, and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

'26. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

'27. Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grown and learned men: nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

'28. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table: speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.

'29. Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

'30. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest or earnest. Scoff at none, although they give occasion.

'31. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous, the first to salute, hear and answer, and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

'32. Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commending.

'33. Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

'34. If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your opinion: in things indifferent be of the major side.

'35. Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.

'36. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

'37. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language; and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar. Sublime matters treat seriously.

'38. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LETTER FROM 'DIE VERNON' AT ROUND-HILL. — We cannot better introduce the communication for the month, of our fair and gifted correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' than by prefacing it with the following lines from a friend in the 'Literary Emporium':

To 'Die Vernon.'

DIE VERNON you're called by men and the gods:
She was given to horses and flirting;
In this I can't tell if you're nick-named aright,
But I know that you're mighty *Die verting*.

DIE VERNON was known for a capital whip,
Though the quadrupeds thought her too urgent:
But if you hold the 'ribbons,' and I am alive,
May our pathways be never *Die vergent*.

DIE VERNON rode, drove, and on horseback would fly,
But she died, for we must take our turn all:
But may you never die, and your star in my sky
Rise and shine di-uturnal, diurnal.

DIE VERNON they call thee, but *not* with good reason,
For beauty and wit are eternal:
But if you *can* die — whatever the season,
God grant you at least may *Die vernal*.

M. M. M

'COME, dear reader, take a seat beside me at the foot of this great beech-tree, just on the outskirts of this beautiful wood, and let us while away an hour or so of this delicious morning in quiet musings.

'Certainly, no spot could be more enchanting than this cosy little nook, where I have established myself. Come then, and enjoy it with me! Forget the city with its busy cares, its heat, and dust, and smoke, its brick walls and burning pavements, its hurry, noise, and bustle, and here in this cool shady wood, come and refresh thy weary spirit, and let thy soul drink in nature's loveliness, and recognize in all His works the beneficence of the great CREATOR! Trust me, thou wilt be the better for such communings; it is a blessed thing to feel the melody of silence in the woods,

where each verdant leaf is a volume, teeming with the ALMIGHTY'S praise! Thou shalt learn to look into thine own heart and read its mysteries, its holy longings, and its high aspirations, for there is a power within the soul, which makes it yearn to soar up to the Infinite, and, eagle-like, bask in the unveiled glory of the sun, but this poor frail clay clogs all its aspirations, thwarts all its pure longings, and keeps the struggling captive down!

'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her,' and in these sweet solitudes we may pour out the secrets of our over-burthened souls, sure of finding a solace and a sympathy. Listen now to the murmur of the wind among those old pine trees, see how it sways their tall tops to-and-fro! Now it grows louder, and sounds like the distant roaring of the ocean; now it lulls again, and is coquetting most gracefully with the coy tops of those birches. Is it not sweetly musical? And now it is dying away again into gentle breathings, like whispers from the spirit-land. Does it not carry thee back into the past, reminding thee of hours when the voice of the loved one by thy side was sweeter music to thine ear than the softest murmur of the breeze? You think it a mournful sound, it makes thee sad? Then that loved one is far away, and thy heart longs in vain for the sound of that dear voice; or, perchance, its melody is hushed, its sweetness stilled in the silence of the grave; but better, far better so, than that thou shouldst live to find its sweet notes false, its music turned to discord! But let us not dwell on these saddening themes; this world is too bright, and there is too much happiness within our grasp, for us to pine for that which is beyond our reach: let us enjoy the present, take warning from the past, and rely on ourselves and on our God for the future!

'Could any thing be more exquisite than that flood of golden sun-light streaming through the trees, and bringing out their moss-covered old trunks in such bold relief, but mellowed and softened by the intervening branches, till it rests upon the pale wood-flowers at our feet, like a smile on the face of a sleeping infant! And now it steals in upon that poor blasted chestnut, and seems to cheer it like a kind word to a sad heart; and see what touches of life and beauty it throws upon that old gray rock yonder, and then glances off upon the delicate tendrils of the grape-vine, which hang in such graceful luxuriansness from that cedar-tree, and gilds them all with its magic light! Love is to the soul as sun-light to the outer world! and methinks that life were a curse, if separate from loving of the good and beautiful. Notice the dark outlines of those evergreens against the clear blue sky; is it not grand? It might be too sombre, were it not relieved by the delicate foliage of the locust and maples, which form such a network of verdure below. There is something sweetly soothing in the sound of that little stream, rippling over its mossy bed, and now and then you catch a glimpse of it between the trees, as it sparkles in the sun-light; what a graceful oriental look those large fern-leaves have, bowing over the water's edge, to view their own delicate reflection in its glassy surface. There is a peculiar fascination to me about a brook rushing and roaring over its stony bed, dashing and leaping from rock to rock in glistening cascades, and boiling up impetuously in the dark pools below. Oh! that's the kind of a brook for me, and many an hour have I lingered beside such a one, indulging in sweet reveries, full of hope, and trust, and love unchanging — hopes, which by their brightness illumined the dark and dreary present; trust, which knows no doubting, and a love, which neither time nor absence can weaken — not day-dreams now, but blessed realities. If we follow this little brook, it will lead us to a beautiful spot, named most appropriately 'Paradise,' though I believe there is no serpent lurking there. Let us take this grass-grown road, which looks so inviting with the sun-light streaming in upon

it; the turf is as soft and warm to the tread as velvet, and how gracefully the trees bend toward each other from either side, forming over-head a transparent arch of moving green; and there is no sound to disturb the perfect stillness, save the chirping of a cricket, or the twittering of the wren. See those little yellow butterflies circling round and round in the sunshine; how gay and cheerful they seem; life for them is all brightness and flowers; yet I for one would not like to lead the life of a butterfly; let there rather be mixed in my cup enough of shade and sorrow to develop and draw forth the depths and capabilities of my heart; for just as surely as 'circumstances make men,' sorrow develops a woman — her heart is her world; she lives in her affections; but there are many who float on the bright current of a peaceful existence, and never show forth any of the better qualities of their natures; but let the touchstone of sorrow be applied to their hearts, and it brings out bright and glorious qualities of which they themselves never even dreamed! And now our pathway leads into a pine grove: do n't you like that spicy, aromatic fragrance? How smooth and clean the ground is under them: let us sit down a moment, and listen to that surging, sighing sound, which is always heard in a pine wood, though not a breath of air be stirring; there is something sweetly mournful in those low wailing cadences. Is it not some prisoned Nereide, weeping for her ocean home, or perchance some captive lover, sighing for the absent one? But we must not linger here, our little brook is inviting us in its sweet gurgling tones; let us follow it: here we are again in this nice old road, and the bright sunshine is cheering after the gloom of the pine grove, and these glowing leaves, scattered round, serve to heighten the effect. Here our capricious little brook crosses the road, and a bridge of old moss-covered logs is thrown over it. Let us leave the road and follow the brook, for its race is nearly run, for now it rushes more eagerly onward, and mingles its brightness exultingly with the river below, its identity lost, its beautiful tribute despised, for the river flows unheeding and unrecognisant on its course. So does pure and trusting woman often pour forth her whole life, her soul's wealth of affection, to be rewarded with the same ungrateful, unappreciating neglect! But pray do n't let me prejudice you against the river, for it is such a spirited creature that I have not the heart to blame it for not deigning to notice that insignificant little brook. There can be no sympathy between them. What can the brook know of the river's glorious past, its high aims and ambitions for the future? Do you not know men of genius, men calculated to make a mark in the world, and write their names high on the tablet of fame, who are tied to insignificant women, perfectly incapable of appreciating them, and who by their senseless efforts to aid, serve merely to retard their progress? Well, that's the other side of the picture! Let's follow the river. Is n't that a pretty bend, and what a beautiful effect those brilliant trees have reflected in the clear glassy surface: a little further up there is a fall; don't you hear it? Those hills on the opposite bank are exquisitely gorgeous in their autumn coloring, and the meadow in the foreground with the gay golden-rod, and the crimson sumac contrasted with the bright and shining laurel and the graceful wreaths of the running blackberry; then that group with the brilliant yellow of the chestnut, the deep mulberry of the oak, and the vivid green of the pines, all in such bold relief, yet harmonizing so exquisitely, and those scarlet maples, shooting up like flames from amid the stately lindens, is it not all like a scene of enchantment! Stop, now, and get a glimpse of that old farm-house with its stately poplars, its well, spacious barns, and, a little beyond, that dilapidated mill, and the bridge across the river. Is n't that a scene for a painter? I want some of these bright leaves, Autumn's golden treasures, they so remind me of my childhood, when I always returned from

my autumn walks with my little apron filled with the gayest specimens, and spent hours in weaving wreaths to decorate the nursery.

'But childhood's frolic hours are brief,
And oft in after years
Their memory comes to chill the heart,
And dim the eyes with tears.'

'There! I've torn my dress reaching after those barberries, but no matter, they will make a pretty wreath for my hair this evening. And now, dear reader, let us turn our steps homeward. This delightful walk is another link in the chain which binds me to this lovely place.

'On! pleasant thoughts of Round-Hill
Will always dwell with me,
One of the sunny spots upon
The track of memory!

'The happy days passed 'neath its shades
Will woven be with flowers;
I'll cull from out the fragment past,
To enliven lonely hours!

'The forest trees of Round-Hill,
The river's brightening gleam,
The very clouds were beautiful
As in a fairy's dream!

'And if I find, as down the vale,
I tread in future years,
That words may harshly spoken be,
And naught is cared for tears:

'I'll turn in thought to Round-Hill,
No matter where I be,
And list again to memory's tones,
In welcome greeting me!

'Northampton, Oct. 8th, 1856.

J. K. L.'

A WARNING 'VOICE FROM THE STOMACH!' — '*Hutchings' California Magazine*' succeeds to the '*Pioneer*,' which has been discontinued. It is neatly executed, and judging from the only number which we have seen, promises to prove an attractive magazine. It opens with an amusing illustrated paper of the fabulous school, entitled '*Adventures in the Farallone Islands*.' One article, something after the 'CAUDLE Lectures' in style, arrested our attention. Its called '*A Voice from the Stomach*,' and contains not a few sensible suggestions and satirical 'hits.' Take the subjoined 'hash' from the article as a 'specimen-brick':

'I HAVE gently hinted that *this* do n't suit me, and *that* do n't please me; that *this* comes too late, and *that* too soon; that you give me too little of this, and too much of that; and, rather than complain without cause, I have worked off' load after load, time after time, until I can bear it no longer — and I won't. I hate to complain as much as you hate to hear me; but if you take me to be a sausage-mill, and able to chew up any thing — from a rat to a sea-lion, or from sheet-iron beef-steak to India-rubber cheese — I say, again, that you are mistaken.

'Now, I want to ask you, in all candor, what you take me to be? A stomach — a stomach to digest food — to make whatever you choose to give me into good, healthy blood, so that you may have the materials for building up a vigorous and healthy

body, and which my neighbor, the heart, can receive, and circulate to every part of it, for that purpose.

'Now, let me ask why you — knowing me to be a stomach, and a *stomach* only — will impose upon me the duties of the *teeth*?

'Would *you* like to do another's work, when it is quite as much as you want — and perhaps a little more — to do your own? No; I know you would n't. Then why do you seek to compel me? *You do n't compel me?* But I know you do; at least, you leave me but one alternative — to digest whatever you like to give me, in whatever shape it comes, or pass it to my neighbor for him to work off; and rather than do *that*, I have many times *cast up my accounts*, and *thrown up* the contract; and I want you to understand that if we are your servants, we are not your slaves — or, at least, we ought not to be — and as we are fellow-servants, we do not wish to be so mean as to shirk our part of the labor — to put it on the shoulders of the next beneath us — and it is *your* fault that the teeth do it, and *they* are not to blame.

'*You have n't time?* Shame on you! Have you time to live? — time to suffer all the pains that we necessarily inflict upon you? You find time to loll about; time to pick your teeth; time to smoke cigars, or chew tobacco; in short, you find time to do *nothing*, yet every thing you should n't.

'Then, again, do you suppose that I can make good blood out of any thing? or every thing? or nothing? *You do n't suppose it?* One would think that you did suppose it, by the vast varieties of odds and ends you give me, but which, often, your dog would not eat! . . . I want to be a reasonable kind of stomach, and a good servant, and it may be possible that if you are willing to do what is right by *me*, I may do my best to serve you: I do not want to be all the while grumbling, and giving you headaches, cholic, dyspepsia, and, in short, nearly every disease to which men are subject, but wish to lead a peaceable life with you as well as with my neighbors.'

The STOMACH 'throws out' a few suggestions as to how it thinks it ought to be treated, some of which certainly seem very reasonable and proper:

'As soon as you are out of bed, give me a glass of good water.

'In about half-an-hour after that I suppose *you'll* want your breakfast, and *I* some work to do, as I do n't believe in working with an empty stomach any more than you do, when I am well. You sit down then to breakfast, and give me something tender and nutritious as meat, and something light and wholesome as bread; and I suppose *you* would like a cup of coffee, but *I* do n't need any thing of that sort. Be sure to be very moderate. Do not, as the head of the firm, keep importing cargo, because there happens to be plenty, nor keep *stowing* it down as though the warehouse was made of India-rubber; because if you do, I have no alternative but to put it in some place that does not belong to me, or unship it by the way it came; neither of which is very pleasant either to yourself or to me.

'At dinner, also, be very moderate. Soup, if good, is not amiss, as I prefer this to cold water, for the reason that cold of any kind lowers my temperature, so that I cannot work willingly until I am warmed up again.

'Then, after soup, take something that I can do something with. Do n't load me with all sorts of messes and mixtures, from all parts of the world, merely because you would appear of importance to those who may be on a visit to you. I am, in such a case, and at such a time, of much more importance to *you* than can possibly be your guest, and I wish you to remember that; and the moment I begin to be felt, let nothing tempt you to giving me more, for I have then as much as I know well what to do with.

'At supper — be most careful, for as the day draws to a close, I, as well as other members of the firm, am weary with my day's labor, and do not like to be taxed with additional work when I should be at rest; therefore, give me something very light to do, and something that does not want steam employed for its transit, that I may not torment you with horrid dreams, or tossing and unrefreshing sleep. What I have suffered from this cause no one can fully tell; for, will you believe it, even late at night, I have been obliged to bear piles of heavy and indigestible stuff, that I could not dispose of in a morning, without fatiguing me with more labor than I ought to be called upon to perform all day. And then my next-door neighbor lays the blame at my door. If all sorts of diseases arise, as they do, from my being abused, do you not think the 'time' and attention well employed that is bestowed upon me?

'Yea, verily it is; and when you arise next morning with a violent headache, and a mouth uncomfortable, with heaviness and languor having possession of your whole body, do n't you put the blame on me, for *you* are to blame, and *you only*. For, if you will over-load and over-task and abuse me in all sorts of ways, by all kinds of things, then remember *that sooner or later I shall serve you, quite* — perhaps in some way you do n't expect of me.

'Then, again, when you — my professed master — are doing comparatively nothing, do you suppose that I need just as much to supply me, and those who receive their supplies from me, as though you were a hard-working man?'

'Certainly not.

'Yet you have acquired the habit of eating much, when, perhaps, you worked at the hardest kind of labor, and follow the one habit, that of eating, after you have abolished the other habit, that of working. Now I say that you ought to be more consistent — *you had*. I must say, too, that I am always better, healthier, and stronger with a working-man than I am with a man that don't work. The *worker* always has good, plain, wholesome food, (excepting some very heavy bread sometimes,) and as soon as he has finished his meal, he don't keep eating all sorts of foolish and indigestible messes, as some do. And moreover, with him who labors I am always at home, for *his* labors very much assist mine.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We rather think, upon the whole, that we shall violate no confidence, nor do any particular hurt, by permitting the reader to have a peep at the following passages from a private letter from 'JOHN PHOENIX,' *alias* 'SQUIBOR,' dated from Portland, Oregon Territory, the latter part of August last. His epistle ends with a poem, which is scarcely less characteristic than the letter itself:

'It gives me unfeigned pleasure to inform you that I am about to quit the gloomy and never-to-be-dried-up sky of Oregon, and 'repair without unnecessary delay' to D ———, on our borders. Yes, Sir, I'm off; 'services' no longer required on these inclement shores — shores which, when you read of in IRVING'S 'Astoria,' you naturally wish to behold, and admire old ASTOR'S pluck in making establishments thereon, and which, when you reach, you wish you had n't, and admire still more old ASTOR'S good sense in breaking his establishments up, and quitting while there was yet time.

'Rain is an exceedingly pleasant and gratifying institution in its way, and in moderation; it causes the grass to grow, the blossoms to flourish, and is a positive necessity to the umbrella-maker; but when you get to a country where it rains incessantly twenty-six hours a day, for seventeen months in the year, you cannot resist having the conviction forced upon your mind that the thing is slightly overdone. That's the case in Oregon; it commenced raining pretty heavily on the third of last November, and continued up to the fifteenth of May, when it set in for a long storm, which is n't fairly over yet. There's moisture for you.

'The consequences of this awful climate are just what might be supposed. The immense quantity of the protoxide squirted about here causes trees, buildings, streets, every thing, to present a diluted and wishy-washy appearance. The women lose their color, the men their hair, (washed off, Sir,) and the animals, by constant exposure, acquire scales and fins, like the natives of the great deep. In fact, all the inhabitants of this territory have a generally scaly appearance, and rejoice in a peculiar smell, a combination, I should say, of a fish-ball and a fresh mud-sucker. The rains of Oregon beat every thing in that line I ever beheld or conceived of. Those that fell on Noah's ark were not more heavy; those of NERO, CALIGULA, and I. NEELY JOHNSON, not more terrible; nor those of Lady SUFFOLK and MOSCOW longer or stronger, which is a slightly mixed metaphor of a very happy description. So, upon the whole, I'm glad I'm off; yes, I am quite sure of it; and I long to get to D ———, where the people enjoy the light of the blessed sun, and where I can enjoy it also, and dry my things, and read IRVING'S 'Astoria.'

'Howbeit, there are many interesting and curious things in Oregon; many odd and entertaining people also therein; and I have seen much that was funny, and

laughed thereat, and should have laughed louder and longer, if my mouth had not filled with rain before I had half finished; and I might perhaps regret leaving a country in which I have had so much positive enjoyment, were it not that I have chronicled all these amusing things and peculiarities, and shall be glad to get somewhere where I can have a dry laugh over them. Such a thing as 'dry humor' in Oregon is, of course, a physical impossibility.

'I received my KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for the month of August yesterday, and felt extremely tickled at your most kind notice of my unworthy productions. A slight history of the Oregon war, with some incidents from the life of PIKE, is now in course of preparation, which, when finished, I will submit to you, with the hope that it may prove entertaining and improving to your readers. The information, certainly, is valuable, whatever may be the style. I inclose a short 'Pome,' which tells its own story. Set to music, ('suthin, slow, and melancholy-like,') and accompanied by the *swinette*, I should think it might be well adapted for the parlor, the *boudoir*, or the concert-room. It is a plain, unvarnished tale, not only founded on facts, but with all three stories, and the attic, built of those materials.

'Stanzas: Lines: Song: Ballad.

'AMONG THEM THAT COME UP TO SPECULATE IN STOCK AND SUPPLIES.'

'A OREGON LAY.

'BY A SURVIVING SUFFERER OF THE WAR.

I.

'AMONG them that come up to speculate in stock and supplies
Was a fellow named STUART, a man of enterprise;
He bought him a switch-tail sorrel two-year old, which hed a white face,
And he bantered all Portland, O. T., for a three-hundred yard race.

II.

'Thar was a man hed a horse, which he thought her pretty fair,
She was ginerally know'd as MILLARD's thousand-dollar mare;
He had n't no idea, he said, of doing any thing so rash,
But he took up Mister STUART for two hundred dollars, cash.

III.

'So every soul in Portland, O. T., went straight down to the course,
And every cent we borried, we bet on MILLARD's horse;
And thar was that speckilating STUART, with his hand upon his hip,
And two men a-following with a tin pail full of dollars and a champagne-basket
full of scrip!

IV.

'Wal, they measured off the ground, and the horses got a start,
And come running down right pretty, about four foot apart;
And the MILLARD mare had it all her own way, so every body said,
Till just as they got to the eend of the track, that are Sorrel shot suthin' like ten
feet ahead!

V.

'Arter we seen that there riz a most surprising din,
And remarks like this ere followed, 'Dog my everlastin skin,'
'I'll be dod-derned, and dog-gorned, and ding-blamed by Pike,'
And thar was such a awful howling, and swearing, and dancing, that many old
people said they never had seed the like.

VI.

'And that are speckilatin STUART, he made matters worse;
He packed the money in a hand-cart, and did n't care a cuss;
And sweetly smiling, pulled it off, as though he did n't mind the heft,
And since then we haint paid no taxes, nor bought nothing, nor sold nothing, for
I do suppose that in all Portland, O. T., there ain't a single red cent left.

'HERR SMASH,' so forcibly described by the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' was hardly equal to

'Wildhoss on the Piano.

BY HENRY P. IRLAND.

'S A L U T A T O R Y.

'READER! I, ROBERT WILDHOSS, being in sane mind, wish to hand in my experience of a small tea-fight, in which I was bombarded by a piano, and came near the fate of that old bachelor who died of pianos on the mind, a discordant disease.

'The Invitation.

'I MET her at TIFFANY'S, where I was buying more shirt-studs and sleeve-buttons. She looked at me twice from the top of my well-brushed hat to the tips of my patent-leather boots, embracing, so to speak, my canary-colored kid-gloves, run over my coat, touched on my waistcoat, skipped over my stone cameo shirt-studs, and landed on my 'cwavat,' which journey being ended, she asked me how long I had been in the city, glanced a small compliment at my appearance, and invited me to meet one or two young ladies, '*sans ceremonie*, you know, quite *en famille* next Wednesday evening. I will make no stranger of you, it shall be to tea. Cousin KITTY, do n't blush!' (*Iddio giusto!* blush!) 'Cousin KITTY shall be invited. And oh! she plays the piano so delightfully. Such talent!' Reader! I am human, to err is human. I went to that Tea-fight. It is possible you would like to know who the lady was — the 'extendress' of the invitation — before you go with me to look on and have a barmecide feast. She was the daughter of the COUNT DE GRABALL. 'COUNT DE GRAB —!' I think I hear you say; nevertheless, such was the case: that was her sire's name round town, behind his back! Face to face, men called him Mister GORT, and he 'went it blind' on stocks, made a pile, and retired. Being a distant relation of the WILDHOSSSES, I cultivated him and his pretty daughter SALLIE, (she was christened SARAH, but *che sara sara* — won't be!)

'The Combat of Tea.

'I AM indebted to a French friend, an amateur of English slang, for this heading. Come, put on your hat, it's Wednesday evening, and let us go to Miss GORT'S. We arrive there, and I hang my hat up on the rack, something warns me that some day it will hang there, as SALLIE says, quite *en famille!* Oh! no matter about taking off your hat, you're invisible: keep it on your head, and take things easy, do n't create a disturbance, or pocket the spoons and then put them in the piano, so that it may sound like a banjo! Before we enter the parlors let us listen for one second to that peal of merry laughter, and the noisy, chattering, lively voices. We are going to put a stop to all that, for a second. Do n't be in such a hurry; wait till I give a twist to my mustache: hang NAPOLEON the Third, for turning his up at the ends! I have to do it or go out of fashion — and the 'world.' We enter, pass the compliments of the evening, have one more brush at that good old stand-by, the weather; introduce one or two diamond-pointed puns, old but valuable, touching this last subject, and find silence has vacated the premises, and talk-

ing and laughing reign with undisputed sway. It's a very sociable little circle only two beaux, RASH TROTTER and I, BOB WILDBOSS; and six belles, matronized by Madame GOIT. Among these belles conspicuous stands Miss KITTY VAN DAM, she of piano-forte celebrity, and as I notice her fair, white, good-sized hands and taper fingers, I am convinced, that like a certain Western belle, she can 'paw the ivory,' (Gotham. Play the piano,) with ability. We shall see. After a reasonable time, WILSON, the gray-headed colored man, who always looks as if he had just walked out of a large band-box labelled 'RESPECTABILITY, and for thirty years servant to the GOITS,' enters with coffee, etc. This over, conversation rolls on *L'Etoile du Nord*, and finally the musical spirit is thoroughly aroused, but before the piano-battle begins, conversation sends out its Zouaves. Thus discourses Miss SALLIE (christened SARAH) GOIT:

‘On the Piano.’

“BUT surely Mister TROTTER, you must be fond of music. Instrumental if not vocal. What do you play on?”

“The billiard-table!” answers the rash young man.

“Military as usual,” says CLARA LIVINGSTON; “he delights in the noise of ‘cannons.’”

“CLARA plays billiards like a *carabin fini*!”

“And you?” continued Miss SALLIE, (christened SARAH,) looking me in the eyes, “I am sure your answer will be: ‘I play on the piano.’”

“I once played on the piano when a mere child.”

“Oh! that's delicious!” said CLARA; “we have an infant phenomenon among us.

“Indeed you have!” I answered. “Before I was one year old I played with the greatest ease on the piano, in fact, on top of it. We had an old one up in the nursery, and they used to establish me on it to keep me off the floor!”

“Wicked man!” said CLARA; “he says funny things and bothers people.”

TROTTER, surnamed HORATIO, abridged to RASH, at this juncture, handed Miss KITTY VAN DAM to the piano with all the ease of a courtier, time of LOUIS QUATORZE, one too who never got his sword between his legs, and was always graceful, even while shaving! I have not one word to say against that elegant Morceau pour le piano, *La Pluie des Perles*, only that for the hundred times I first heard it I reversed the umbrellas of my ears so as to catch every pearl of a note, afterward I turned the umbrellas back again, and let the pearls run down — I had plenty. Now, it so happened that at its termination, Miss KITTY VAN DAM received a *bis* encore especially from TROTTER, who loved music, because, as he sagaciously observed to me, ‘a man need n't talk, you know, while they're strumming away, so he saves himself up for a brisk brush at the end of the race, and may-be takes the stakes by it.’ So at the *bis* encore away went Miss KITTY at the piano, scattering pearls right and left; after the ‘*Pluie*’ came ‘*L'Eclair*,’ a piece composed by some body, published somewhere, and played at the expense of two strings and injury to a pedal; and that, too, to one of ERARD's noble pianos. ‘Grand?’ said Mr. TROTTER, dilating on this instrument; ‘it's more than grand, it's ‘gloomy and peculiar!’ after which he subsided.

“Miss SALLIE,” said I in a whisper, “did you receive a little note from me when I was in Washington?” Madame GOIT here enjoined strict silence. VAN DAM was preparing the ‘musical battery.’ Fancy my state of mind, waiting just for five minutes' talk, quietly, with Miss SALLIE GOIT, and then to have *Le Feu d'Enfer* waltz poured into my ears. What torture! I thought of that odious female who

murdered I do n't remember how many husbands, by pouring molten lead in their ears.

'Won't you keep quiet, VAN DAM? Oh! you've got out of *Le Feu d'Enfer*, and are taking airs on *Les Bords du Rhin*, on the banks of the Rhine, fine, divine, wine, moonshine! Oh! yes, we've been all through that, too, from Eau de Cologne to Ville de Mayence. I begin to grow nervous, the five other belles are magnificently happy in listening to this playing; Madame GOIT reclines in an arm-chair overwhelmed with joy; TROTTER looks like MOHAMMED in the Sixth Ward! (vide KORAN in the original.) I begin to think of decamping, the notes fall thicker and faster, the piano thunders, lightnings; the cannons roar in basso, and the musketry crack in alto, she sends out the forlorn hope from the treble, it enters the citadel of my ears, crash! bang! a tremendous explosion and VAN DAM; SAEVA and VISHNU floats away from that musical cupboard like a lotus leaf down the Nile.

'There was an elderly gentleman at my elbow, and a carriage at the door. The father of VAN DAM, *pianiste*, came and bore her away, from piano and gas-lights out into the night; and her conquered enemy, the WILDHOSS, only followed her with his gray eyes in wonder, awe, astonishment! A little white note was in my hat — who put it there? As I, ROBERT WILDHOSS, left the GOIT mansion that night, it soothed the wounds inflicted by cruel VAN DAM, and harmony once more reigned over the battle-field of WILDHOSS's brains, cruelly tattered by a Grand Piano Bombardment.

'CURTAIN FALLS.'

Good again for 'H. P. L.' - - - GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in his '*Oration before the Literary Societies of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut*,' gives the following as the popular idea of a scholar. It is as truthful as any thing in the 'POTIPHEAR PAPERS,' in PUTNAM's popular periodical publication:

'THE popular idea of the scholar makes him a pale student of books, a recluse, a valetudinarian, an unpractical and impracticable man. He is a being with an endless capacity of literary and scientific acquisition. He is only a consumer, not a producer; or, if so, only a producer of useless results. Learning is supposed to be put into him, not as vegetables into the ground, whence, as they spring again, covering the earth with beauty, and feeding the race, so learning is to flower into heroic deeds, and consoling thoughts; but it is absorbed by him, as vegetables are thrown into a cellar, where they lie buried, not planted, producing only some poor, pallid, useless shoot, as his learning only germinates into some treatise upon the ablative absolute.

'In the old plays and romances we have the same picture of an absent pedant, the easy prey of every knave, the docile husband of a termagant; who, because he could read a tragedy of *ÆSCHYLUS*, could not tie his shoes. He belonged to great establishments as an encyclopedia, in the same way that the fool belonged to them as a jest-book. Scholars were popularly ranked with women, having all their weakness, and none of their charms.

'This estimate grew naturally out of their exceptional character as monks; for, at the beginning of modern history, learning came out of the monasteries with the ecclesiastics. By religious vows the monks were separated from all secular interests, including the family relation. The reputation of the scholar arose from the character of the monk. The monk was a man who dealt professionally with ideas rather than men. He was therefore held to know nothing of men. Dreamer, poet, vagabond, and scholar, grew to be synonymous names. But while the mass of monks undoubtedly justified this judgment, it is in the few and not in the mass that their characteristics are to be sought; they were accused of not knowing men, but GREGORY was a monk, and they belonged to the most sagacious organization in human history. They were called pedants and moles, but ABELARD and MARTIN LUTHER were churchmen and scholars. To call grammarians, formalists, and swollen sponges of learning, scholars, is to call a parish clerk a statesman. To call BENTLEY and PARR scholars, is to insult JOHNSON and MILTON. SYDNEY SMITH tells of Dr. GEORGE — who, hearing the great King of Prussia highly praised, said that he had his doubts whether the king, with all his victories

knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in *mí*. If you call Dr. GEORGE, and WOLFF, and HEYNE scholars, what name have you for GOETHE and SCHILLER?

'In any just classification of human powers and pursuits, the scholar is the representative of thought. Devoted to the contemplation of truth, he is, in the state, a public conscience by which public measures may be tested: the scholarly class, therefore, to which, now, as of old, the clergy belong, is the upper house in the politics of the world.'

'TECHNICAL scholarship begins in a dictionary and ends in a grammar. The sublime scholarship of JOHN MILTON began in literature and ended in life. Graced with every intellectual gift, he was personally so comely, that the romantic woods of Vallambrosa are lovelier from their association with his youthful figure sleeping in their shade. He had all the technical excellences of the scholar. At eighteen he wrote better Latin verses than have been written in England. He replied to the Italian poets who complimented him, in purer Italian than their own. He was profoundly skilled in theology, in science, and in the pure literature of all languages.

'These were his accomplishments, but his genius was vast and vigorous. While yet a youth, he wrote those minor poems, which have the simple perfection of productions of nature; and, in the ripeness of his wisdom and power, he turned his blind eyes to heaven, and sang the lofty song which has given him a twin glory with SHAKESPEARE in English renown.

'It is much for one man to have exhausted the literature of other nations, and to have enriched his own. But other men have done this in various degrees. MILTON went beyond it to complete the circle of his character as the scholar.'

'Jus' so — *yes*: but we don't want to read 'Paradise Lost' to-night. It's getting a little late; and even light reading, like that, is somewhat burthensome. In our boyhood we parsed our first grammar-lessons from MILTON. His style is very simple. His antecedents, to be sure, are sometimes a good way off, but they can be *found*, and brought back, though the hunt must needs be long, and the 'luck' uncertain. But here 's to MILTON, whom every body praises, and nobody reads! - - - A CORRESPONDENT, writing from 'Blossom Coal-Bank, Rock-Island, Illinois,' under date of September the seventh, says: 'In looking over your agreeable *'Gossip with Readers and Correspondents,'* in your September number, I noticed a statement by a Cincinnati correspondent prefacing some verses *à la* 'Sir JOHN MOORE,' found in his uncle's port-folio, which contains an error; an error, by the by, widely disseminated; which I feel bound to correct. I make the correction for an all-sufficient reason: namely, to vindicate my native well-beloved State from the charge of ingratitude. Would that I were able to do it more satisfactorily. Having been born within a stone's-throw of BARON STEUBEN's tomb, I claim to speak, so far as my recollection serves, 'by the card.' The BARON DE STEUBEN's remains lie in the centre of a ten-acre lot in the centre of the township of Steuben, county of Oneida, State of New-York, about five miles west of the village of Remsen: which lot, by the BARON's direction and will, was set apart and reserved as his burial-place, and was to be left in a perfectly natural state. It so remains to this day: a perfect little wilderness in itself; a dense forest '*in puris naturalibus*;' not a stick or limb having been removed, or even molested, from the day of the BARON's death to the present time: the inhabitants of that vicinity, mostly of Welsh origin, of the pure North-Wales stock, entertaining and exercising the most profound respect for the wishes and memory of the 'good old BARON.' It is difficult to penetrate the lot, except by the one beaten track which leads directly to the tomb in the centre. The lot is inclosed by an ordinary rail-fence. Fine meadow-lands adjoin it on either side. The tomb, however, is in quite a dilapidated condition; the frost having partially thrown down one

side. The tomb originally stood about four feet high; slab, or inscription-stone, lying flat-wise on the top. Upon it is inscribed the title, name, birth-place, (Prussia,) supposed age, (sixty-four,) and date of death, (1802, I think,) of the Baron DE STEUBEN: also, that the monument was erected by order of the State of New-York, in gratitude for, and in commemoration of, the eminent services rendered by the deceased during the Revolutionary War. It is now nearly three years since I visited the spot. I trust that ere long some one of your indefatigable correspondents will pay the BARON's tomb a flying visit; copy the inscription verbatim, and describe to the public the present condition of the monument, lot, fence, etc. It's a 'crying shame,' as you intimate, 'that the rich and munificent State of New-York should suffer this brave old patriot-soldier's last resting-place to tumble into ruins: a few dollars judiciously expended, would amply repair it. Speak out, dear KNICKERBOCKER: *your* voice will be heeded. The Oneida County delegation to the Legislature should take the subject in hand: they have but to move in the matter, and the good work will be done.' To all which we say, with all our heart, We *hope* so. - - - We receive, not unfrequently, 'poems' which really are not so simple and descriptive as the following, which literally 'tells its own story.' The production is warranted original and perfectly genuine: 'The compositors were so struck with its beauty, that they wisely refrained from attempting any little embellishments in punctuation or orthography, so customary and often necessary, in the manuscripts of our 'first writers.' Its style is unique and comprehensive, showing clearly that

'T AINT every man can make himself a poet,
No more'n a sheep can make itself a go-at.'

Its author, we are told, was so well pleased with the result, that he immediately had two hundred copies printed for circulation among his friends!'

'In a short time if I are blest
I think i'll go out West
time's advancing every day
I think i'll start the first of march
then i'll step into the stage
down penobscot river goe
soon in Bangor I shall be
Buy my ticket go to see
shape my course and bear away
around cape ann up the bay
When at Boston we arrive
if I should the trip survive
then i'll mount the iron horse
o're to albany i'll cross
through the valleys o're the ridge
to the grate suspension bridge
up saint lawrence on the track
view the mammoth cataract
see the waters plunge below
then pass up through Buffalo

onward through ohio state
up around a pretty lake
of chicago take a view
on my Journey start anew
o'er the prairie I will skipp
to the river mississippi
here again I'll take the Bote
miles 400 for to tote
up the mississippi creeping
through the narrows and lake pepin
to the city of saint paul
Just below the water fall
if perchance I meet the stage
with the driver I'll engage
to take me on without dlay
up into saint anthony
passing on by river rum
to elk river i will come
meet my friends that went before
settle down and move no more.'

'How does *that* strike you,' reader? - - - 'THOUGH I have been for years a 'constant' and 'admiring' reader of your periodical,' writes 'LUKE,' a new Rochester (N. Y.) correspondent, 'I have never flattered myself that I could contribute any thing worthy of a place 'within its borders;' but something so ludicrous was said in my presence recently, that I have per-

haps unwarrantably thought it worthy of perpetuation in the KNICKER-BOCKER. A number of us young married men, rejoicing in our first babies, were discussing the delights of incipient paternity; when I, in a moment of inadvertence, made the following absurd misquotation: 'Oh! yes, you know good old SOLOMON says, 'A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure!'' Think of confounding SOLOMON and TUPPER! O Crimini! 'inadvertence' is a poor excuse for that offence! The laugh which was raised at my expense had subsided, and I had 'treated' all round in acknowledgment of 'the corn,' when the SOLOMON of our party was led to remark as follows: 'How often the more common quotations in use become mutilated by constant handling, and are copied and repeated erroneously, until the misquotation is commonly received as the genuine article, and the real phraseology condemned as wrong: for instance,' he continued, 'how often you see written, 'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing,' when any one, with a moment's reflection, will see that it *should* be, *sermons in books, stones in the running brooks, and good in every thing.*'—As I have started, I must give you one more fun-let, concerning a little 'four-year-old' friend of mine. It seems that a clergymen had been staying for some time at his father's house, and on going away, called little EDDY to him and asked what he should give him for a present. EDDY, who had been brought up in the fear of God, and had a great respect for 'the cloth,' thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature; so he answered, hesitatingly: 'I—I—I—*think* I should like a Testament, but I KNOW I should like a *squirt-gun*!' P.S.—What a 'mighty good fellow' MACE SLOPER is! - - - We have been favored with an '*Eulogy on the Life and Character of Theodric Romeyn Beck, M.D., LL.D.*,' delivered before the Medical Society of the State of New-York by FRANK HASTINGS HAMILTON, M.D. It is published by order of the Senate; and is a noble tribute to the character and memory of one of the first men among the intellectual benefactors of our State. Much as we had known of the high estimation in which Dr. BECK was held by the public, we had never been made aware of the great extent and value of his attainments and public services, until we had perused the pamphlet before us, which is characterized by great feeling and an uncommon ease and force of style. In 1829 Dr. BECK was elected President of the New-York State Medical Society, and was reëlected to the same office on the two succeeding years. His annual addresses were models in their kind, and attracted much attention. His last annual discourse was upon the subject of SMALL POX, and embraced a rapid history of this terrible scourge, and urged the value and necessity of thorough vaccination, with a view to its ultimate extinction: 'Selecting always those themes for his discourses which were of the largest interest to the largest number, he was able to discuss them in a manner which indicated an intimate acquaintance with all their relations and bearings. His suggestions are constantly such as might become a physician, a philanthropist and a statesman; and that they were not Utopian is proven by the fact that very many of them, either in their original forms, or only slightly modified, have been adopted as measures of state policy and general hygiene, or,

if not adopted, they still continue to commend themselves to the intelligence of enlightened men everywhere, and physicians still continue to reiterate his sentiments, and to urge their adoption upon those who have the care of the public interests.' We select the following from among the additional facts set forth in this address :

'In 1826 Dr. BECK was made Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, at Fairfield Medical College, instead of lecturer, and in 1836 he was transferred from the chair of practice to that of *Materia Medica*, in accordance with his own request; and these two chairs he continued to occupy until the abandonment of the College in 1840.

'Immediately on resigning his place at Fairfield, Dr. BECK was elected to the chair of *Materia Medica*, in the Albany Medical College. The chair of Medical Jurisprudence, to which he would most naturally have been chosen, being already occupied by a very able teacher, AMOS DEAN, Esq.

'This professorship Dr. BECK continued to hold until 1854, when his declining health, together with an accumulation of other pressing duties, induced him to resign his place as an active officer, having now taught medicine in some of its departments for thirty-nine years, and the trustees then conferred upon him the honorary distinction of *Emeritus Professor*.

'In 1817, Dr. BECK was made Principal of the Albany Academy, an institution which has furnished the community with more mind than any other academy in this country. A distinction that is doubtless due to the admirable discipline, and well-stored brain which Dr. BECK brought with him into the institution, in 1817. In 1848, Dr. BECK resigned his place as Principal of the Academy, and on the death of JAMES STEVENSON, Esq., he succeeded him as President of the Board of Trustees.

Dr. BECK's services in the 'Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts, and Manufactures' were many and great, and their value universally acknowledged. He was also the first Vice-President of the Albany Lyceum of National History. Since 1841 he has occupied the office of Secretary of the Board of Regents; a position of great honor and trust :

'In 1823, Dr. BECK published his work entitled '*Elements of Medical Jurisprudence*,' in two volumes, octavo; which, at the time, attracted great attention, and has since continued a standard work on the subject of which it treats. The science of medical jurisprudence is one of great interest and importance. It treats of all those questions, in which the testimony of a medical man may be required before courts of justice, and from the nature of many of the questions, it is obvious that their discussion requires the widest range of medical and scientific knowledge. Although deeply studied in Italy, France and Germany, this science had scarcely attracted any attention, either in this country or in England, previous to the publication of the work of Dr. BECK. To him is certainly due the high credit, not merely of rousing public attention to an important and neglected subject, but also of presenting a work upon it which will probably never be entirely superseded. In foreign countries, its merits have been duly appreciated and magnanimously acknowledged. The work has already passed through five American, and four London, besides a German edition.

'There is no testimony more pertinent as to the rank occupied by Dr. BECK in the literary and scientific world, than the large number of societies, both abroad and at home, which conferred upon him either honorary or active memberships. Among others less known we may mention the New-York Historical Society, of which he was elected a member in 1813; Physico Medical Society, N. Y., 1813; Antiquarian Soc., Mass., 1816; Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, 1816; Lyceum of Natural History, N. Y., 1817; American Geological Society, New-Haven, 1819; Natural Hist. Soc., Montreal, 1821; Hon. Member of Med. Soc., London, 1824; Medical Society, Quebec, 1824; Cor. Member Linnean Soc., Paris, 1826; Hon. Member Med. Soc., Conn., 1826; Society of Emulation, Charleston, S. C., 1827; Med. Soc. of New-Hampshire, 1828; Associate of the College of Phys., Philadelphia, 1829; Hon. Member of Royal Med. Soc. of Edinburgh, 1832; of Meteorological Society, London, 1838; of American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, 1839; of Med. Soc. of Rhode-Island, 1839; National Institution for the Promotion of Science, Washington, 1840; Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1841; Amer. Ethnological Soc., 1842; Northern Academy of Arts and Sciences, Dartmouth, 1845; Cor. Fellow of New-York Academy of Medicine, 1847; Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen, 1848; Histor. Soc. Vermont, 1850; American Statistical Soc., Boston, 1851; State Historical Society, Wisconsin, 1854. The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon him by the Mercersburg College, Penn., and by Rutgers College, N. J.

'Dr. Beck enjoyed during his life, almost uninterrupted health, the result of a good natural constitution, and of temperate, regular, and, so far at least as his literary pursuits would permit, active habits.'

Such was the distinguished man whose death the State has been called upon to lament; while to his family the loss of a loving friend and most kind father is indeed irreparable. - - - We have a word to repeat (for the *third time* in the pages of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER) to our correspondents. We CANNOT return communications. Sometimes—indeed often—we look over our port-folios, for manuscripts, in prose or verse, to oblige a distant friend. The other day, to comply with the wish of a lady in a far Eastern State, Dame KNICK and 'the GIRLS' closely scrutinized four port-folios, full of 'matter,' (as publishers term it,) awaiting insertion—much of it *long-promised* insertion—for a single piece of 'poetry,' so called, that was not worth the paper upon which it was written, and which was at last found, and restored. It will never be done again. There is no one who writes an article, in prose or verse, that is worth *publishing*, the first copy of which is not worth *keeping*. We speak as 'one of the craft,' ourselves; not arbitrarily, nor in ill-humor. Not at all. But one thing is quite certain, we do not say it in any spirit of vain-boasting. The fact is simply *so*: there is not a periodical in America—no matter how large its circulation—which has *one-half* the number of communications sent to it, which come to the KNICKERBOCKER. Now how are we to look over all these *at once*, as soon as received—*decide* at once—and then write to the authors, and give our hasty verdict—often wrong, as it might easily be, with such celerity of judgment? Let us hope that no one will see any thing like harshness in this. It is not felt—it is not meant. If our correspondents could only know how often we have endeavored (and successfully) to make the first efforts of new and inexperienced writers acceptable to our readers, *this* thought would never enter their minds. We can return *very long* prose articles. - - - 'I HAD the pleasure, two or three years since,' writes a friend from New-Orleans, 'of enjoying the intimacy of a very companionable gentleman, who might have been a great man but for something—I knew not what. He was either born too early in the New World's history, or his advent happened too late in the annals of his native continent; or he should have seen the light of France or Italy, with his infant eyes: by nature he was too sensitive for England or America. In fact, he had wandered in many portions of the ancient world, seeking a society adapted to his wants, and had returned desponding. I will attempt to give the subject of an evening conversation as nearly as possible in his peculiar language.

'It was my misfortune to have my nativity cast in the dark and bloody ground of the Western States. Brought up in a promiscuous library of books of all sciences, and written in several languages, I became a great book-worm and a passable linguist. Some knowledge of modern languages brought the desire of travel, which was gratified to my heart's content. I went through the four faculties of a university: philosophy, law, medicine and divinity, or theology, as it is more properly called; and found the last the greatest vanity of all.

'My first attempts to put my thoughts in writing were crude enough! I found what ROUSSEAU said to be very true: *Quelque talent, qu'on puisse avoir, l'art de bien*

écrire ne vient pas tout d'un coup. I translated *Romances* from the French; *ständchen* from the German; *letrillas* from the Spanish; and *sonnetti* from the Italian, for the village journal. Next I tried my hand at prose, and translated a French novel (*Le Solitaire Philosophe*) and a Spanish history of Cuba, (*Historia pintoresca de la Isla de Cuba por Andueza*.) I tried to sell one to a publisher in New-York, and the other I offered to another publisher of Cincinnati. Failing in these first attempts at literary speculation, I have had a horror of books and writing since. I commenced the practice of the healing art, and saw just enough of it to cure myself of Therapian ideas, and drive me to the jurisprudential profession for occupation. I had secluded myself so much from the society of business men, that the money-making world was a *terre inconnue* to me; and I had become so excessively timid, I trembled at the idea of making a speech.

'I attempted to quit my books and seek the society of females, but I found myself so awkward in ladies' company, and was subject to so much mortification, I resolved to abjure that pleasure also, and return to books. I now sought those I had never heard of, when I could find any in old libraries, and delighted particularly in French and Italian. To hear every-day authors mentioned, was unpleasant to me. I delighted to hear anecdotes of men not generally known to the reading world; and felt a contempt for the ignorance of listeners; while, I have no doubt, they pitied my bibliomania.'

'Such men do not enjoy life. They pant for the pleasures of the worldling, and have not the capacity to feel them. If they write a book, it may become famous, when it is no longer known where the bones of the author rest. How many similar men are yet living, unknown and unappreciated?' Alas! true enough! - - - The following is a 'true and original copy' of a *Love-Letter*, picked up in one of the streets of Seneca Falls, in this State. As usual, we omit names. We have been compelled to 'punctify' somewhat, else who could understand the missive?—and who can now, as to *that* matter:

'Seneca Falls, July 20.

'Miss R. A. R.: DR. GIRL:

'I tak the oppertunity to In Form you that your Beauty And Beheayer I Admyre; and furthermore when I am in my Losom Owers and maditate on your Alliquans I think that you are one of Godes of Lov on the *Ilert* Hill and I hope that Nater will bless me with your sweet and Allaquant presens: and I hope that your Oner Except of my request Because I love you Beyond all Erthle treshurs. Your Eiquantans with me has been short — But Notwithstanding I admireit to the Hiest degree of the human mind: and Furthermore I hope you will grant my Compene in your presens. Dr. Girl and I hope the time will Com when you and I shall wak in some shady growv and here soft fut steps of some anciant quean And vue the Butes of the moun and Confabulate on sweat matrimonie and goin our Hands and Harts until deth dos us part.

'And no more at present But may the Heavens Bles you until time is no more From your frend yours and so forth I wish to Anser this without fail. J. A. R.

'Miss R. A. R. —'

As DICKENS's inebriated character at the London police-station says: '*Waristallabou?*' When the two lovers 'goin hands and harts,' and 'wak in some shady growv, and here the soft *fut*-steps of some ancient quean,' (sure an' would n't that be *Irish* a bit, now?) we shall doubtless know, 'what's all about?' - - - ONE day last summer, at our little Cedar-Hill Cottage, there came up a sudden and violent rain-storm. Among those fitting down the lane which leads by the house, and so on hr ough the cedars, was a well-dressed young man, with two sweet little

boys. They looked just alike ; were very neatly and tastefully dressed ; with their pink French-calico shirts, little Talma-ish round-about, and fair white hair, curling all around their temples, underneath their small braided straw-hats, from which flaunted jauntily a black ribbon. As the big premonitory drops of rain had begun to fall, we asked the father and his little boys to take chairs upon the piazza until the rain had ceased and the storm was over-past. The offer was accepted : and as they came up upon the 'stoop,' the fond parent took off their little hats, and ran his fingers through their golden curls. He said they were TWINS, and 'nobody could n't tell 'em apart.' It touched *us*, for *we* are a twin — and 'one is not.' Well, the rain continued to fall for at least an hour : and our little folk brought the wee boys some bread-and-butter, and cake, and made them 'feel at home.' The father was gratified — the children pleased. The next day came up a gift of four little glass-birds, such as they blow in museums, as a present from the little twins to our 'sma' bairns.' The father was an Irish mechanic, who worked in the machine-shop of the New-York and Erie Rail-road. One day returning from a brief call we had been making upon a most worthy prelate of the Catholic church, we met the unhappy parent going thither. One of his little boys was very ill with the dysentery, he said, and he feared might not survive. We reassured him, finding his son had been sick for only two or three days, and he passed on. We heard nothing farther of the little patient until two days after ; when one morning bright and early, as we were picking cucumbers in the garden, the afflicted father leaned over the pickets, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, said : 'O Mr. C — ! one of my little twin-boys is dead !' Was there 'any sorrow like unto *his* sorrow' at that moment, save that of the little boy's mother ? The lost one was laid the next day in Rockland Cemetery ; and last Sunday we met the bereaved father leading his surviving little boy — sad-looking, we thought, as if he was enjoying only a 'maimed life' — amidst the falling leaves and fading flowers of October, as they took their way over the hill to the Cemetery. But his little brother was gone to a world where they shall no more say, 'I am sick : ' and

'THERE, 'mid day-beams round him playing,
He his FATHER's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
'Little children, come to Me.'

THE subjoined 'speaks for itself.' It is an authentic document, and is 'on the record :'

One Hog
vs.
The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,
ex-relations MOORE.

Certiorari.

In the Common Pleas of Berks County,
Certiorari.

Mengel for Plaintiff. (Defendant below.)

Defendant had no right to take up my client.

Offered in evidence : Depositions to prove that MOORE said he had a right to take up hogs whether they had friends or not ; that MOORE is a 'mean rascal' ; that when MOORE 'is spiteful he is a very spiteful neighbor.'

The case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Fourteen Hogs, (10 S. & R., 393) decides that a

hog is not an outlaw, a boar is not an outlaw, but a civil domestic animal—not an animal *feræ naturee*—has a right to his own bed of straw, and is not to be shot down or snapped up.

In the second place, hogs do not travel early, unless they are after something. It is proved that this hog was not *anywhere*.

PERKINS for Defendant. (Plaintiff below.)

By the Court.—These proceedings must be quashed, for the reason that they do not state the offence committed by the plaintiff.

And they were 'quashed accordingly.' - - - THE subjoined comes to us all the way from Brownsville, Nebraska Territory. It purports, and we have no doubt truly, to record an authentic anecdote of Colonel —, of —, who came to Kansas for the purpose of becoming a candidate for Congress. During the consequent excitement after his arrival, he managed to 'keep his spirits up by pouring spirits down;' and gathering a crowd around him, he made a speech as follows: 'GENTLEMEN, it's beautiful to talk about our 'wild, picturesque scenery;' it forms the subject of many delightful encomiums. There is a great deal of poetry, too, in the Indian maidens sporting with the spotted fawn among the wigwams of their tribe: but, gentlemen, this is the best place for *mean whiskey* that I ever saw!' Speaking of Indians: we have an old chap here who has lived a number of years on the frontier, and whom we shall call Captain PERRY. He occasionally takes rather too much of the 'inspiring fluid,' and like others who have passed through an eventful life, is fond, when in this state, of relating his 'hair-breadth escapes;' and also, like most others, magnifies them to a somewhat unwarrantable extent. Being in the 'Grocery' the other day, while the Captain was relating one of his adventures, which happened near some lake, the name of which I do not now remember, he stated that it occurred on the Fourth of July. After performing unheard-of prodigies of valor, he was finally forced to run. This he did: and shortly afterward found himself on the bank of the lake, which was 'frozen solid all the way across.' Without a moment's hesitation, he started over, followed closely by the Indians, three in number. When about a mile from the shore, he perceived the Indians were becoming scattered; and stooping down he picked up a hoop-pole and killed them, one at a time, as they came up. 'Why, Cap-ting,' asked a by-stander, 'how could the river be frozen over on the Fourth of July?—and how came a hoop-hole that far from shore?' 'Um!' 'Um!' grunted the old man ('with a hic!') '*what do you know about Indians!*' - - - D'you recollect 'constant reader,' a little description we gave recently in one of the subsections of this our *Omnium Gatherum*, of our 'water, mush, and other millions?'—and of the passers-by our small garden, who looked over the pickets admiringly at 'em? Well, they *did*, and to some *purpose* too, as you shall presently hear. One night we had two guests from town—old friends. In the morning, before breakfast, we dwelt with just pride upon our crop of melons; of such rare varieties; the '*Borneo*' musk-melon, as large as 'some pumpkins,' and sweeter than the sweetest nutmeg species; and the *Orange Water-melon*, which peels like an orange, leaving the juicy and luscious pulp in sections, like a stripped orange—the seeds a present from a friend at Hyde-Park, in 'Old Dutchess.'

We took our friends out to see them. In the night they had been 'conveyed' away, by some — We never felt so vexed before. If they had *asked* us for one or two, they should have had — We hoed them for weeks with our own hands, when the dew was on the vines ; and while at breakfast used to look out upon them with a pleasure that knew no satiety. Confound their blasted — And they might have had as many *nutmeg-melons*, and the old green style of water-melons, as they pleased ; but the infernal thief — 'It is no use : we can't do justice to the subject : ' but if ever we catch 'em again — But winter is coming on — and let 'em *slide*, now : but *would n't* we like to — Done so *sneakingly*, too : why did n't they come in the day-time ? Never mind : we'll fix 'em *next* year, if we live. We'll plug 'em, (the melons,) and put in some of the '*Vox Populi*,' which a neighbor told our friend Mr. EDMONDS to give to the dogs that made night hideous about his house in Sixteenth-street. *Nux Vomica* is just as good — but the man had forgotten that. Expect every body must 'feel cheap' at *some* period of their lives ; but we do n't wish any enemy of ours to feel as cheap as *we* did when we found our melons, upon which we had so enlarged to our friends, all gone at one fell swoop. We are 'not strong man' to be angry — we were s-i-c-k !' - - - 'A few days since,' writes welcome 'J. D. E.' of Saint Louis, 'in company with one of the best of his race, and a resident of Chanton county, of this State, he told the following anecdote concerning a local preacher in his section ; who, being a veritable personage, I will suppress his name. At a social meeting of his fellow church-members, among other things each was relating his causes for joy and sorrow, when Rev. Mr. — said : 'In my family of children I have much cause of joy, and also much to distress me. There's my son —, a good, reverent, dutiful boy : but there's my son BILL, he's an audacious scamp. He left his poor old gray-headed father many a day ago ; and it's been a long time since I've heard on him ; and when I last heard on him, he was 'way up to the Galeners, a-raftin' saw-logs ; playing 'seven-up ;' and hoss-racing ; but thank the Lord he's *makin' money* by the trip ! *An't* he, sister ?' 'Yes, brother, he *is*, and *no* mistake !' This is strictly *true* ; but to be properly appreciated, you should hear it *told*, as I did.' You have told it sufficiently well yourself, Sir. - - - Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, an eminent American banker in London, recently arrived from England, we are glad to perceive has been most warmly welcomed by his countrymen in New-York. A gentleman of refinement, of most liberal and genial hospitality to all Americans who visit the English metropolis, with ample means to carry out his generous designs, he has won 'golden opinions' from all who have had the pleasure to meet him in London. His visit to 'the Old Folks at Home' is his first in over twenty years. We shall hear more anon of his cordial and well-deserved welcome. — The foregoing was in type for last month, and was among the little matters 'crowded out.' We are glad to perceive that Mr. PEABODY'S welcome in his native town *was* of the most cordial description : Hon. EDWARD EVERETT doing the honors, with his accustomed — we might rather say invariable force and felicity. We observe by the journals that Mr. PEABODY is also to be received in Baltimore,

his residence during a portion of his early career in the United States, with distinguished honors. These eminent courtesies are most worthily tendered, and are but a reciprocation of Mr. PEABODY'S numerous kindred kindnesses to his countrymen abroad. - - - A WASHINGTON (D. C.) correspondent sends us the following. His 'Marketing' 'comes to a good market:'

'SHE stood by his stall in the market,
The fairest of the fair,
A-chaffering with the huckster,
And cheapening his ware;
But he gazed entranced as she murmured:
'Sir, isn't a levy enough?'
An epitome she seemed to be
Of his fruit and garden stuff.

"Oweh!" an awkward darkey's basket
Hit him a thump in the eye,
And stars are flashing before him,
Like the orbs in a wintry sky;
And when he looked up with a stifled oath,
Both darkey and maid were gone;
An eye and a heart sore battered both,
The huckster bore that morn.

M O R A L.

'Ah! eyes like purple damsons,
And cheeks like tomatoes red!
Ah! lips like melting strawberries
Fresh from their dewy bed!
Ah! teeth like white corn kernels
In orderly rows arrayed!
Ah! bust like a ripened melon!
Ah! lovely, luscious maid!

'Right often thus is my spirit
With a radiant vision fraught,
But it flies in its maiden beauty,
From some ugly Ethiop Thought.
In vain, when the shock is over,
Would I call it back with a sigh:
Too late, like the wounded huckster,
I find it is all in my eye.

A B O U T.

THE following records an actual fact; for it comes to us, at second hand, from the very lips of the counsel for respondent:

'In one of the cities of the 'Old Bay State,' a strong attempt was made, a few years since, to enforce the so-styled 'Maine Liquor Law.' If a straggler was caught out o' nights with an infirmity of gait, or hesitancy of speech, he was forthwith marched to the watch-house by the vigilant police and duly questioned as to the place where he obtained his potations, and with the hope of an easier passage through the meshes of the law, the victim would usually give the required information.

'An old and hardened offender was seized one night about ten o'clock, and upon inquiry, stated that he bought the 'fluid' at the — Hotel. Accordingly at nine o'clock the next morning the gentlemanly proprietor of said hotel appeared with his attorney before the Judge of the Police Court, to answer to a complaint for selling spirituous and intoxicating liquors, contrary to law, etc. The witness was placed upon the stand, still laboring under the excitement of the previous evening; and in reply to questions by the Judge, stated that he bought, paid for, and drank, two glasses of gin, at the — Hotel, and that he bought them of the proprietor. The respondent's attorney then asked him if he knew Mr. D —, the proprietor of the hotel. He replied, rubbing his eyes and staring at the attorney, 'Yes, I *kind o' know him.*' But the proprietor was confident he never saw the witness before that morning. The following examination then took place:

'ATTORNEY: 'Are you *sure* you know Mr. D —?'

'WITNESS: (With eyes still fixed on the attorney,) 'Wall, *purty* sure.'

'ATTORNEY: 'Well, Mr. Witness, if you are *purty* sure you know Mr. D —, am I him or not?'

'WITNESS: (With eyes still fixed and with a hiccup,) 'Wall, you *look* like him!'

'ATTORNEY: 'Do you *not know* that I am Mr. D —, the proprietor of the — Hotel, and the person who sold you the gin, and will you not swear to it?'

'WITNESS: (Stretching himself up,) 'Yes sirée — you are the man: *I will swear to it!*'

'The Court-room was in a roar of laughter, in which the dignified 'Bench' could not refrain from joining; and he acquitted the defendant, for the reason, which he stated with as much gravity as he could command, that the complaint was erroneous, inasmuch as it charged *the wrong member of the Bar.*'

Good, 'for a judge.' - - - '*Skinner's New-York Portable Gas-Works*,' for private residences, churches, factories, schools, hotels, villages, etc., has attained unprecedented success, having already a great and constantly increasing demand. The apparatus has been thoroughly and satisfactorily tested. It is perfectly simple, requiring no more skill than is necessary to build a fire and turn a faucet. The experience of the past three years has fully demonstrated the fact that gas can be manufactured in small quantities with the greatest economy, and with less labor than is usually bestowed in cleaning and trimming lamps. Heretofore gas-lights have been considered a luxury, obtainable only from large gas companies; the high price of sperm-oil and candles, the dangerous nature of camphene and burning fluids, have now rendered them a *necessity*; and these Portable Works are admirably adapted to bring this luxury within the reach of every family. Country and suburban residences can be supplied with a superior illuminating gas, from rosin, rosin oil, grease and other substances, at less cost than any other artificial light known. The Manufactory is at Spuyten-Duyvil; the town office at No. 374 Broadway. - - - 'Some years ago,' writes a Southern correspondent, 'when a sermon was considered short that continued less than two hours, and 'meeting' often held till the small hours in the morning, three ministers of different denominations, held a meeting together. It was customary for every minister, after preaching, to 'call' for members. The first took for his text the words of PETER: '*I go a fishing.*' He preached about two hours; then called for members, but received none, and sat down. The second remarked, that as he followed his brother, he would take the words following for his text: '*I also go with thee.*' He likewise preached a long discourse — called for members, (as it is 'called') and sat down. The third, who was in favor of short sermons, arose, and remarked that he would follow the example of his brother: and HE chose for his text: '*And they toiled all night, and caught nothing!*' He rather '*had 'em!*'

THE LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE have been issued in a neat volume by Messrs. MASON BROTHERS, as the first of the series in their '*Library of Standard Letters*,' edited by Mrs. SARAH J. HALE. It embraces such portions of Madame DE SEVIGNE's voluminous correspondence as best illustrate her character and genius and the peculiar features of the age in which she lived. Although the delicate graces of composition for which these letters are remarkable must disappear even from the most successful translation, their lively pictures of French manners and their trustworthy accounts of passing historical events will always secure to them a large circle of intelligent readers. Madame DE SEVIGNE was born in 1627. Her education was far more complete than was usual at that day. At the age of eighteen she was married, and in seven years was left a widow, by the fall of her husband in a duel. From that time, she devoted herself to the care of her two children, a son and a daughter, the latter of whom was the object of the most enthusiastic affection throughout the protracted life of her mother. Most of the letters in this volume are addressed to her, and they are by far the most valuable of any in the collection. In arranging the materials of the work, the editor has judiciously brought together the letters of the same correspondent, instead of placing them in chronological order.

New Publications: Art-Notices, &c.

THE TANGLETOWN LETTERS: Being the Reminiscences, Observations, and Opinions of TIMOTHY TRAP, Esq., including a report of the GREAT MAMMOTH REFORM CONVENTION. Edited by the Author of 'Records of Bubbleton Parish,' etc.

This is a series of letters purporting to be written by an old gentleman, Mr. TRAP, who had retired from business, and, being purely benevolent and philanthropical, spends his time and money in doing good. There is mention made of most of the popular follies of the day, and a vein of quiet sarcasm pervading the whole, makes the book, to us, exceedingly attractive. In visiting the poor, Mr. TRAP finds a widow with children, sick and destitute. He offers her aid, but she rejects it with fury. 'You must have suffered much to have brought you to this state of mind,' I said, 'but God has not forgotten you, after all.' 'Don't talk to me about God,' she ejaculated. 'I have been mocked enough with His name already.' Then, with an indescribable ferocity, she continued: 'No, Sir, don't speak to me of God, for if there be such a being, He is the God of the rich, but not of the poor. Here, these twelve long years, have I suffered, me and mine, and looked to Him for help in vain. Where was He when my first-born died, after weeks of racking pain? Where was He when ALFRED — that's my brave and kind husband — was washed over-board in the mid-night tempest, and swallowed up in the cruel waves? Where was He, I say, when I cried to Him in my widowhood and want, in all the dreary years that came after? Where was He — that God that priests and hypocrites prate of — while the rich were oppressing me, and my children were crying for bread, and we all sat shivering in the winter blast, and sickness fell upon us, and despair gnawed away all that was good in our hearts? Answer me all this, and then I may believe that the poor have a God, and that He hears them when they cry to Him.' Meantime the doctor had made out his prescriptions, and the nurse had taken possession of her charge. It was time for us to be gone. A cry detained us. It came from the woman we had befriended, who, suddenly falling upon her knees, sobbed loud and long. Her congealed nature had thawed at last. 'Who are you that have come to me in my extremity?' she cried, 'and melted my heart as it was turning into stone?' 'Your neighbors, your friends,' I answered. 'What does it mean?' she exclaimed, weeping and clasping her hands; 'I never had friends before. Through all these years have I struggled and suffered, and nobody cared for me; nobody gave me even a friendly look, or tried to put a ray of hope in my breast. I have been alone with hard work, and trouble, and my own bitter thoughts, and so I've grown cold and hard — colder and harder every day. Oh! what does it mean, that I have lived to know what human kindness is?' 'It means,' said I, 'that God has not forsaken you, though He has suffered your life to be darkened by affliction. While you despaired of His aid and denied His goodness, He prepared means for your deliverance. This little child was his messenger.'

Mrs. HARROWSRATCH, a female reformer, visits Mr. Trap, and lectures to the denizens of Tangleton. During the lecture an 'amazing consummation took place. A lank, awkward, destitute youth, stole timidly toward the speaker's desk, and, addressing the fair lecturer in a strain of filial entreaty, begged her to come home! It must have been the rarest spectacle! There stood the poor boy in the full splendor of gas-light, ragged, travel-worn, embarrassed, disconsolate, a picture of pathos. And there stood the woman whom he called *Mother*, in possession of the rostrum, arrayed in the badge of reform, disdaining all domestic offices, and decrying all domestic charms, absorbed in the equivocal work of enfranchising her sex.'

Mr. TRAP takes a journey in company with a Jew, BELSHAZZAR, who, maddened by jealousy, is in furious pursuit of his wife. His description of the 'dark, malignant heathen,' bent on murder, is very forcible, and the thoughts that the unexpected sight of his birth-place engenders, relieve the gloom of his story as the patches of sunshine on the meadows did the landscape that we viewed a few days since from your cottage.

door. 'Within those gray old walls I first breathed the air, and saw the light of this unresting world. There my boyhood was spent. Yonder are the fields in which I played and toiled, blithe and hale with the exuberance of new life. There, in the valley, was the rustic school, whose privileges I as often slighted as shared, a thing to smile over and regret. Further still, I see the spire of the old church, whose sermons were long, and theology was grim; where the deacons slept in the assurance of sound doctrine, and the children waited for the *amen* as prisoners wait for their release. Sad old tabernacle of error and fanaticism! I have little cause to rejoice in its ministry to me and mine! I stepped out upon the platform, and transgressed the rules for the sake of a long look at the dear old place. There I was to have spent my life in quiet, rural pursuits, blessed and attended by the love and beauty of my unforgotten wife, and ripening for the better world in the genial sun-shine of a virtuous home. Those rooms have been illumined and consecrated by *her* presence: without her they must be to me forever dim and cold. My eye lingers upon that narrow inclosure yonder at the left, just where the line of foliage unites itself to those graceful elms. I see the white stone gleaming through the leaves. I see the face that we entombed beneath — no, the face that shines upon me evermore out of HEAVEN. So be it, O inscrutable God!'

The way that Mr. TRAP at length obtains control over this BELSHAZZAR by telling him ghost-stories, is well conceived, and a description of the spiritualists, and an exposure of their charlatany, are admirably given. The best letter in the book is one stating Mr. TRAP's religious opinions, and the reasons therefor.

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY. — The following notice of this work is from the last North-American Review:

'MR. EMERSON'S book, did it profess to describe all of England, would be justly open to the severest criticism. It ignores pauperism, ignorance, and crime, aristocratic pretension and plebeian sycophancy, sinecure laziness and under-paid labor, — in fine, all the inequalities of condition, realized right, and availing privilege, which assimilate the moral and social landscape of Great Britain much more nearly to the broken surface of Switzerland, than to the gentle alternations of hill and valley on its own soil. But all of the less pleasing 'English traits' have been set forth with ample minuteness of detail by the greater portion of recent travellers, and we are glad to open one book that revives our early pride in our mother-land, and makes us feel anew the unparalleled queenliness of her position and belongings. We by no means say that the tourist who beholds only the glory of England, and is blind to her shame, possesses our moral sympathy. This we must reserve for itinerants of the HERACLITUS school; but while we read their writings with heightened emotion, they do not entertain or edify us.

'With the intense *subjectivism* of Mr. EMERSON'S philosophy we are at swords' points. We hesitate not to say, that, pushed to its legitimate consequences, it neutralizes moral distinctions, eliminates duty and accountability, obliterates religion, and excludes the conception of a personal and self-conscious DEITY. And even in the book before us, when religious or ethical subjects are touched upon, (which they are but seldom, and lightly,) we discern traces of the indifferentism which proceeds from the author's philosophy. But this very element is propitious to merely æsthetic observation and impression. Mr. EMERSON threw open his own broad, rich, delicately-organized, and generously-cultivated intellect, with an ARGUS-eyed passiveness, with a receptivity which no emotion or affection weakened or distorted, to take the exact impress of what he heard and saw.'

'The greatness of England is in fact the theme of all his chapters. And there are many aspects in which she is the greatest of the nations. She has enriched herself

with the spoils of every zone and soil. Her language, a conglomerate from all the tongues of ancient and modern civilization, is the type of her national personality and genius. With hardly a tittle of the learning of Germany, she is the fountain of elegant scholarship. With often a paucity and never a redundancy of creative talent, her literature embodies the wealth and beauty of all times and lands. Inferior to France in science, she immeasurably transcends her in its concrete forms and practical uses. Later than the Continental nations in almost every branch of lucrative industry, she has domesticated all their processes, and has made her manufactures the staple of the world's commerce.'

Special Notice.

Our readers will see that Mr. SPARROW-GRASS is to contribute a story for our Magazine the coming year, and others of our old and favorite contributors will return to their first love. We cannot tell you how much we are gratified at receiving articles from Mr. KIMBALL and Mr. COZZENS; and as no pains or expense will be spared to make the KNICKERBOCKER for the ensuing year better than it ever has been, we hope that every reader will not be able to have a quiet conscience until he has secured one or more subscribers for the coming year. If you wish to make us able to bear the increased expenses we incur by these efforts to gratify you, do not fail to send us *one*, and as many more new subscribers as you can before the first day of January next. Our club prices form a great inducement to those who wish to practise economy; and all who send three dollars to our publisher, will receive the KNICKERBOCKER for 1857, *The Art Journal*, a beautiful illustrated quarterly, for same time, and a Certificate of Membership in the 'Cosmopolitan Art Association,' which may bring them a work of art worth One Thousand Dollars. The member who last year drew the bust of WASHINGTON, by POWERS, subscribed for the KNICKERBOCKER at this office. But the KNICKERBOCKER will be richly worth Three Dollars for 1857, alone; and these additional inducements ought surely to more than double our list! Now do n't be backward, but send in your name and money early. See PROSPECTUS on second page.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION. — In a late number we noticed the *Art Journal* which this Association give to all their subscribers, and we would now call the attention of our readers to the inducements which they offer to all who take Magazines through them. These may be best known by their advertisement in the present number, and we commend it to the attention of all. We have favored this Association from its commencement, and have no reason to change our opinion. It has, like every new thing that aims at great results, had many difficulties and prejudices to encounter, but is rapidly overcoming them all. The managers are highly encouraged, and when they obtain one hundred thousand subscribers, as they will surely do, the public will open their eyes to the benefits of the institution. In addition to the Magazines, they offer an engraving well worth three dollars, which will be an ornament in every house.

Our publisher will send you and your friends certificates of membership, and you cannot do better than to send your name to him.